

## MYSTICS AND THEOLOGIANS

THE Bampton Lecturer for 1928, the Rev. Kenneth E. Kirk, D.D., a prominent Anglican writer on moral subjects, has published his course in volume form,<sup>1</sup> with a fine title and a beautiful text,—*Beati mundo corde*, Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. This promise Dr. Kirk (perhaps too confidently) insists has an assured fulfilment in this life, as well as in the life to come. Even here, the Vision of God, in some sense, is the end of all true Christian life. Christianity is, in fact, essentially an initiation, a mysticism, a quest of God.<sup>2</sup>

The theme of these lectures is, accordingly, the history of this fundamental idea in the life of the Church: a vast subject, of almost unmanageable scope. Dr. Kirk's selection of topics seems a little arbitrary and confused, and his enthusiasm for the grand idea which is his main subject, sometimes leads him to depreciate other essential elements of the Church's life. It may be true, as he insists, that worship and adoration are the highest functions of religion: but the Church has other duties as well to perform: she has to rule, she has to teach and to legislate. These functions Dr. Kirk seems to regard mainly as potential hindrances to the life of contemplation and worship. This is surely a very superficial view. Experience shows that, outside the Catholic discipline and teaching, there is no sound mystical tradition anywhere in Christendom, while, within that discipline, the mystical life attains its very highest developments.

In respect of Western Mysticism up to the fifteenth or sixteenth century [says a non-Catholic writer]<sup>3</sup> it is almost wholly a heritage from the Church. . . It is preferable to accentuate this, because of a tendency on the part

<sup>1</sup> "The Vision of God," by Kenneth E. Kirk. The Bampton Lectures for 1928. London: Longmans. Pp. xxviii. 583. Price, 25s. n.

<sup>2</sup> It is worth while remarking that this beatitude is not, as Dr. Kirk takes it to be, an exhortation to the contemplative life in the first instance, but to purification of heart. Our Lord says, "Be pure in heart and you shall see God," i.e., as Dr. Kirk interprets, you shall have the grace of contemplation. Note, contemplation is the reward or the consummation of purity rather than a means to it. In other words, Our Lord is preaching self-discipline and asceticism rather than mysticism. Dr. Kirk inverts this order of ideas. He understands the beatitude to mean, Contemplate and you shall be pure. Mysticism thus becomes the one, all-sufficient means of attaining perfection. This is, of course, an error and contrary to all tradition.

<sup>3</sup> A. E. Waite, "Lamps of Western Mysticism," p. 5.

of incautious writers in sympathy with transcendentalism to identify Mysticism with every revolt against ecclesiastical authority. . . The case for the ecclesiastical character of mediæval Mysticism in the Western world centres in the simple point that there was no other kind, and there is also no evidence that the mystics who illuminated the Church were in it and not of it.

In view of this fact, namely, that the Church of Rome has been and still is the great nursing-mother of contemplative souls, it is a little unfortunate, to say the least, that Dr. Kirk appears to find matter for scandal in some of the most fundamental of Catholic doctrines—such as the doctrine of Merit, of Supererogation, and of what he calls the Theory of the Double Standard, that is, the superiority of the life of the counsels to that of the precepts. One thing at least is certain, that the Saints have found no inconsistency between these dogmas and the life of contemplation. They have been able to reconcile, for example, Charity and Hope, the most perfect Love of God for His own sake with the confident expectation of an eternal reward. They believe in Merit, as they believe in Grace, and for the same reason, because God has revealed it. They do not, indeed, stand upon their own merits in God's sight, because revelation does not tell them that they, personally, are in a state of grace: but they believe that, *if* they are in grace, and *if* they persevere to the end, they will obtain, not only a crown of glory, but a reward, a crown of Justice, in St. Paul's phrase. In other words, Heaven is the reward of merit.

Dr. Kirk admits that the doctrine of Merit is a part of Catholic tradition from the earliest times, but, nevertheless, he rejects it. He rejects it on purely speculative grounds; and having done so tries to show how the teaching of the New Testament can be interpreted without it. This is, of course, a task of great difficulty, not to say an impossible one. Over and over again, Our Lord appeals to the motive of reward and punishment, and this, as we have seen, implies merit or demerit in the recipient. Dr. Kirk, having a preconceived objection to the notion of merit, labours to show that somehow the idea of reward does not involve it. Any Catholic would appeal with confidence to the common sense of mankind against such a suggestion.

In another way, also, the impossibility of dispensing with this doctrine of Merit may be shown. Either that which God

approves of and rewards in human action has an intrinsic value or it has not. In the latter case, the Divine approval is arbitrary: it is little more than a hobby of the Creator that He singles out certain phenomena for commendation. The phenomena in question are, of course, the free and virtuous acts of man, performed in a state of grace. Such are the actions which, according to Catholic teaching, have supernatural merit. Of all the countless stupendous occurrences in the world of spirit and matter, these are the only ones which God looks upon with that particular kind of moral approval which we associate with praise and reward. Are we to say that the free acts of a justified man have no intrinsic goodness in themselves, giving them a claim and title to God's moral approbation? If not, why should He regard these actions in a different way, and with a different kind of satisfaction, from that in which He regards, say, purely intellectual excellence or the circulations of the heavenly bodies? On Dr. Kirk's theory there is no answer to this question. All is purely arbitrary, an unaccountable Divine caprice. Such a conclusion, which is one of the most offensive tenets of Nominalism, should hardly be acceptable to a writer like Dr. Kirk, who professes adhesion to the teachings of St. Thomas.

It is worth while, perhaps, to repeat—as the point is so commonly misunderstood by non-Catholic writers—that the true Catholic notion of merit is simply what we have stated. Merit, that is to say, is nothing but a peculiar intrinsic goodness in the free acts of a creature rendering them worthy of commendation and reward. For merit of eternal life, of which there is question here, the agent, besides having the exercise of his freedom, must be elevated by grace to the supernatural order. That elevation, of course, he cannot merit; but once received, it gives him a status which makes merit possible. All his power of meriting is due to grace, which is an effect of the infinite Merits of Christ. It is thus true to say that the merits of all the Saints belong to Christ, even more than to them, since He has obtained for them the very power of meriting. But this does not mean that, in their own order, they too are not, in a true and strictly proper sense, subjects of merit. It does not increase, rather it greatly diminishes, the Redeemer's glory to annihilate the merits of the redeemed. Nor again does the denial of merit make for humility. True humility consists in submitting to the teaching of God and of the Church, even in those things which may seem to make for

our glory. The Catholic doctrine of Merit opens up to the mind a view of the incalculable value of our free human acts. It is not by arbitrary choice that God singles them out for His special approval. What the real value of those acts is, we cannot now fully realize; but we know that it is such that they really are worthy (in virtue of Divine grace in the soul of the agent) of eternal life and the Vision of God. The soul, the pearl of great price, knows not, except by faith, her own dignity and value. By her supernatural, but unconscious, elevation, she becomes a supernatural mystery, and an object of Divine Faith, to herself. She is at once revealed to, and hidden from, herself. If the pearl could think, it would certainly be amazed at the apparently extravagant estimate of its own insignificant beauty. What is one small jewel, even though perfect in its kind, against all the wealth that has been expended in procuring it? The only answer is—implicit faith in the Infallible Wisdom of the Divine Merchant. We speak of judgments of value, and of their sovereign validity. We recognize the Gift of Wisdom as a heavenly faculty of valuation. God Himself is the supreme Valuator and Substantial Wisdom from whose judgments there is no appeal. If He values, as He does, the free service of man, that service must have something in it mysteriously precious, a moral value, or worth, or merit, which man himself has no right to disavow, but rather a solemn obligation to rise by faith to the full acceptance of it.

It would not be difficult to show that Dr. Kirk's attack on the Catholic doctrines of supererogation and of the evangelical counsels is likewise a mistaken attack. But, as we wish to pass to another topic, we must leave this part of the argument to our readers. Here it must suffice to indicate the root-cause of these errors. I find this in Dr. Kirk's totally inadequate appreciation of the unity of Catholicism. He is an eclectic. He goes through tradition, picking out here and there just what suits his own somewhat inchoate philosophy. It seems a little thing to him to throw away an idea or a principle or a conclusion on which the Church has reposed for ages; so little comprehension has he of the mutual bearing and dependence of dogmas, so little does he see Catholicism as a system and a whole. Rationalists and Low Churchmen, with all their limitations, often seem to have a much keener sense of dogmatic consistency than Anglo-Catholics, and so far to be nearer to the mind, or the mentality, of the Church.



The tendency to such eclecticism, with all its consequent vagaries, is reinforced by the unfortunate example of certain Catholic writers who have endeavoured to expound religion in general, and Catholicism in particular, according to a method exclusively analytical and psychological. We have in mind principally the late Baron Von Hügel, whose authority with certain Anglican circles is almost oracular. Von Hügel, as is well known, finds three elements or factors in the religious idea, three great human needs which every religion, *a priori* as it were, is bound to satisfy and which Catholicism satisfies best of all. These are, the need of prayer, Divine communion and spiritual life: this is the mystical element. Secondly, the need of dogma or formulated doctrine: this is the intellectual element. Thirdly, the need of law and discipline and social incorporation: this is the ecclesiastical or institutional element. In the balance and harmony of these three consists the health and perfection of Catholicism as the one absolute embodiment of the religious idea. The great objection to all such schemes is their artificiality. They break up into fragments what can only rightly be conceived as an indivisible whole. They suggest, almost invincibly, that individuals and groups have a right to settle the balance of these competing elements for themselves: so much dogma, so much mysticism, so much government: in which case, of course, the "mixture" will vary with every individual. To set men "making-up" their own religion in this way is, of course, not Catholicism, but the dead opposite. Nevertheless, this is just what Von Hügel's method, as carried out by non-Catholics, has resulted in: a result, we need not say, quite contrary to its author's intentions, but one which, certainly, might have been foreseen.

The true use of Von Hügel's formula would be to show the complete interpenetration of the three factors in Catholic life. Prayer, dogmatic faith, ecclesiastical obedience are, in that life, a threefold manifestation of one Spirit. In that life, prayer, faith and obedience are, each of them, all-in-all; being merely different expressions of one fundamental attitude. Thus, no one can have Catholic prayer without Catholic faith and obedience: nor these without prayer. The Catholic's loyalty to the Church and her rulers is a profoundly mystical thing; his obedience is a prayer in intention and in effect, for it unites him with the Divine Will and Counsel, which union is the very end of prayer. It is thus clear that, for a Catho-

lic, there can be no question of mysticism overruling either dogma or authority : on the contrary, prayer must take its law from faith, and there can be nothing in the spiritual life of the Christian which is exempted from the control and judgment of the Church. A Catholic mystic would no more dream of adopting, or persisting in, a way of prayer unrecognized by the Church, than of inventing a new set of Sacraments for his own use. Thus, in the perfect Catholic life, prayer has the nature of obedience, and obedience the nature of prayer. Von Hügel's three are a trinity—an indivisible three-in-one. But this is just the point his Anglican disciples are apt to miss.

On the lines of this method, Dr. Kirk analyses the development of Christian spirituality under certain abstract headings, corresponding to what he supposes to be the governing tendencies of its progress: such headings as, formalism, legalism, discipline, rigorism, humanism. The multiplication of such "isms" becomes a great weariness in Dr. Kirk's pages. Besides those we have mentioned, we have also to reckon with pan-hedonism, pan-mysticism, theocentrism, anthropocentrism, egocentrism. Many of these words have very little content of defined meaning. Where the meaning is defined, the application of the term to any particular historical instance seems to be often very arbitrary. The whole terminology may be described, in language as ugly as its own, as pseudo-technical and pseudo-scientific. Under cover of this terminology, a writer can beg far more questions and suggest more conclusions than either he or his readers are likely to keep count of. An example comes to my mind from Dr. Kirk's pages. He holds, with a certain number of Catholic authors, that modern spiritual direction has tended to be over-cautious in its attitude towards contemplative prayer. So much insistence has there been on the dangers of false mysticism, that even true contemplation (he thinks) may sometimes have been discouraged. This he calls, with the Catholic writers aforesaid, the modern "anti-mystical" movement. Now that is surely a very unfortunate description. These too timorous directors (supposing that they were so) were in no sense anti-mystics; it would be grotesque, but accurate, to call them anti-pan-mystics. The suggestion of "anti-mystic" is almost irresistible, that this school of writers was unfriendly to mysticism as such, or sceptical about it, whereas they were only opposing one particular theory, which would make the

mystical vocation a very ordinary thing, or even practically universal.

This brings us to the subject, out of the very many discussed by Dr. Kirk, on which we propose to make some remarks in detail. As is well known, the sixteenth century witnessed a great movement (so to call it) towards mental prayer and contemplation in the Church. It was the age of St. Ignatius, St. Charles, St. Teresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, and many other famous names. At the same time, there was, both in Spain and in Italy, a great deal of heretical teaching on the subject of prayer, circulating both in the religious houses and among the laity. Hence mysticism generally came to be viewed with great suspicion by certain theologians and ecclesiastical authorities. It cannot be pretended that this suspicion was ungrounded. Dr. Kirk, indeed, chooses to think that the sect of the Illuminati have been maligned for errors and enormities of which they were not guilty; but he gives no evidence for this statement. It is certain that errors connected with pseudo-mysticism troubled the Church's peace from the early part of the sixteenth century to the end of the seventeenth, and that not merely in Spain, but in France and Italy, too. It is absurd to pretend that all this pother was about nothing at all. A good deal of Lutheran propaganda was certainly going on, through smuggled literature and in other ways. Men were being drawn from the use of the Sacraments, and the practice of good works, to seek salvation or forgiveness of sin through purely subjective processes. It was not wonderful that any new departures in spirituality should have been regarded with disfavour. The writings of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa testify to the jealousy and dislike with which mysticism was often regarded in official quarters. It is clear, however,—and this is a point which Dr. Kirk omits to take account of,—that these Saints themselves fully recognized the necessity of extreme caution in dealing with supposed mystics. Nothing, for example, could well be more severe than the "censure and judgment" of St. John of the Cross "on the spirit and method of prayer of one of the Nuns of his Order" (Letters, p. 180—182. Lewis's Translation). He says, "In the kind of affective prayer practised by this soul, there seem to be five defects, so that I cannot consider her spirit to be good." After enumerating these five defects, viz., too great fondness for her own way; too great confidence, and too little fear of de-

lusion; the desire to persuade people that she is in a good and high state; the absence of the fruits of humility; and an affected and exaggerated style and diction—the Saint goes on to prescribe for the case.

She should not be required nor permitted to write anything on these matters; and her confessor should not seem to hear of them, willingly, except to disparage and set aside what she has to say. Let her superiors try her in the practice of virtue only, particularly in that of contempt of self, humility and obedience; and then at the sound of this blow will come forth that gentleness of soul in which graces so great have been wrought. These tests must be sharp, for there is no evil spirit that will not suffer a good deal for its own credit.

It is clear then that the Saints were with the authorities of the Church in recognizing the existence of pseudo-mysticism, and the great dangers of illusions that beset the mystic way. Nothing was to be taken for granted in this matter: no spiritual experience was to be admitted as genuinely Divine and supernatural without the most rigorous proof. Even holy people might be the victims of diabolical illusion or of imagination. It was thus regarded as the first duty of a director to "try the spirits" of those who seemed to be proceeding by extraordinary ways of interior prayer. We have an example in the prolonged and searching tests applied by Father Balthasar Alvarez in the case of St. Teresa. That such circumspection was both necessary and salutary in an age of somewhat indiscriminate mystical fervour, can hardly be disputed.

It must be admitted, however, that even the orthodox mystics and orthodox theologians did not always see eye to eye. There was, indeed, something like a standing quarrel between some of the Scholastic theologians of the period, who were often not notably spiritual men, and the contemplatives, who were often quite unversed in theology. This comes out very clearly in a letter addressed by St. Peter of Alcantara to St. Teresa.<sup>1</sup>

I assure you [he writes] I am greatly astonished to find you submitting to the judgment of theologians a question which is beyond their competence. If there were question of Canon Law or casuistry, then it would be

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Pourrat, "*La Spiritualité Chrétienne*," III. p. 169.

right to take counsel of jurists or of theologians. But when there is question of perfection, one should only consult those who practise it.

In other words, theologians, as such, have little or no competence in deciding a question of religious perfection—the point at issue concerned the rigorous practice of poverty in the Teresian reform—and should not be consulted as experts on such matters unless they are also men versed in spirituality. It may be doubted whether theologians generally would have acquiesced in this opinion. On the other hand, there was a considerable danger of experienced contemplatives, untrained in technical theology, sometimes undertaking to solve theological problems on the strength of their individual experience.<sup>1</sup>

Scholasticism and Mysticism had, it is true, a great deal in common. Certain great names were revered in both traditions—St. Augustine, for instance, and Dionysius the pseudo-Areopagite. The Aristotelianism of the schools had, through these Fathers, neoplatonic attachments which rendered the assimilation of mystical *theoria* both possible and easy. Mediæval intellectualism in this respect bore little resemblance to modern rationalism. Above all, the Catholic faith, the dogmas, the asceticism and the moral teaching of the Church, provided a common frame within which the two spheres of speculation and spirituality were contained: the two together, in a sense, making up, though at different levels, one life of contemplation. The life of the intellect was not yet divorced from that of the spirit. The notion of profane science, in the modern sense, that is to say, a science pursued in complete abstraction from, and indifference to, Divine science, was unfamiliar and would have been unwelcome. Such a conception would have appeared to the Middle Ages to be indeed a profanation of science in every sense of the word. All knowledge, even secular knowledge, had, in some sense, as its ultimate end, the contemplation of eternal Truth.

Such was the ideal: but not every student, of course, attained it. Too often, even in the Ages of Faith, one comes across what has become almost the rule in modern times, a science practically severed from the life of prayer and religious contemplation. Philosophy and Canon Law, and Dog-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. on this subject the "Monitum" of Dr. Ortiz, a contemporary and friend of St. Ignatius ("Monumenta Ignatiana," pp. 577, 699).

matic Theology itself thus, incongruously, assume the type of profane sciences. It was here that, from the theologians' side, trouble was most apt to arise for the mystic. Dogmatic theology had been systematized, while ascetical and mystical theology had not. The two kinds of activity differed, necessarily, in their method, and sometimes, regrettably, in their spirit. They were different modes of apprehension of the same objects, and it required a certain combination of gifts to perceive the fundamental unity between them. The great masters and moulders of Scholastic Theology had been men of exalted prayer; but the case was otherwise with many of their successors. It might be difficult to say when the rationalizing spirit came in: perhaps with the Nominalists; perhaps in the first instance, through the Faculty of Arts (*i.e.*, philosophy), rather than through Dogmatic Theology.

The great defect on the side of the contemplatives was a lack of well-defined method. It was this that the sixteenth century supplied, largely through the influence of St. Ignatius and the Spiritual Exercises. The insistence in that work on the need of caution in doctrinal controversies, and on the paramount duty of not departing from the mind of the Church and of holding in reverence all the branches of sacred science, shows how clearly the author perceived the possibility of danger in an unrestrained pursuit of mystical experience. He and, still more, his school, have been accused in consequence of hindering the natural development of contemplative life in souls. The Society, it is said, deliberately stereotyped for itself and for those who came under its direction a method of prayer essentially opposed to contemplation,—the so-called method of the Exercises: a complex method, putting in motion, and concentrating on some particular subject, all the powers of the soul, imagination, memory, intellect, and will. The subject matter of mental prayer would thus be limited, apparently, to things which could somehow be expressed in terms of imagination and sense-experience. Supra-sensible mysteries, the nature and attributes of God, would be excluded. Multiplied reflections and "acts" would be substituted for the one act of simple continuous attention to God which is the foundation of contemplative prayer.

This is what some modern Catholic writers, and Dr. Kirk in their wake, term the Reversal of Tradition in regard to prayer which has characterized the spirituality of the last three centuries. Here, as elsewhere, our author is only a re-

porter of other men's views; he himself contributes nothing to the controversy: what is more, he does not even attempt to state the question objectively. It seems to me very doubtful whether he has ever read even the two treatises of Father Rodriguez from which he quotes—that on prayer, and that on the Presence of God—and he certainly has no knowledge of Rodriguez's work as a whole. His treatment of the case of Father Balthasar Alvarez, too, is both inaccurate and biased. It is a gross anachronism to connect this case in any way with the name of Melchior Cano. Cano died in 1560, thirteen or fourteen years before the first attack on the "prayer of silence" as expounded by Father Alvarez. The assailants of Alvarez were, exclusively, members of the Society; and the ground of their objection was a very intelligible one. The chief gravamen of their accusation was not merely that he himself was practising a method of prayer different from that in common use, but that he was training the novices systematically to neglect and despise meditation. It was also alleged that the Father was so much occupied in directing souls outside his own Community that his work as Rector and Master of Novices was neglected.<sup>1</sup> Father de Ponte, in his *Life of Father Alvarez* (c. 41), admits that some of the young men who had passed through this training spoke and acted in an imprudent and objectionable way. They contended, for instance, that

this method [meditation] is good for children. . . . As for men, who have made some progress in prayer, they do much better to follow their attractions, their course is more free. Is it not folly to wish to give rules to the Holy Spirit of God? To Him it belongs to breathe where He will and as He will, and those whom He guides have nothing to do but abandon themselves to His inspirations with perfect liberty.

In short, these young men appear to have been just the sort of spiritual prigs and snobs that such precocious "mystics" almost invariably become. Needless to say, they had not learnt such ideas from Father Balthasar, but it is reasonable to suppose that he had made a mistake in recommending promiscuously a method of prayer beyond the capacity of some of his disciples. He was ordered by the General, Father

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Kirk makes no mention of these things, an omission which shows that he has failed to appreciate the real matters at issue. There need have been no "anti-mystical" animus in any of Fr. Alvarez's accusers.



Mercurian, to discontinue the teaching of mystical prayer to the novices, and to show more esteem for the method of St. Ignatius, which he himself also was to follow. This last injunction particularly scandalizes Dr. Kirk—echoing, here, as usual, his Catholic authorities. But what, after all, does it amount to? Let us quote Father de Ponte again (*ibid.*).

His own conduct gave a denial to this monstrous error [contempt of meditation]. He confined himself for sixteen years to the method recommended by St. Ignatius, and attributed to this the gift of contemplation he afterwards received. And at the very time we are speaking of, whenever extraordinary graces failed him, he had recourse to meditation as a refuge. His adversaries could and should have known this.

If this is an accurate account of the matter, the embargo on contemplation contained in the General's admonition would involve little or no change in the personal practice of this holy Religious. He was to cultivate meditation or discursive prayer, in place of the prayer of silence: that is all that is commanded. He is not told that when extraordinary graces come, he is to resist them: that would be contrary to the teaching of the Exercises themselves, and of all spiritual masters. Many Religious at this time, both in the Society and in other Orders, received from time to time, and often very frequently, extraordinary illuminations during prayer which, as long as they lasted, would make meditation either a futility or an impossibility. The General was not speaking of those cases, but of the occasions when such exceptional visitations were not granted. And on these occasions, as we have seen, Father Alvarez was already practising what his superior now commanded. Fairly considered, the action of Father Mercurian offers no handle to the charge of "anti-mysticism." Father Aquaviva, his successor, himself a noted contemplative, issued in 1559 an instruction on the subject, which Dr. Kirk quite gratuitously insinuates was not quite sincere. "When the storm blew over," he says, "the Society was able to admit *in official terms* that contemplation was *not in itself an iniquity*." In this letter, which is a document of some five thousand words, the General lays it down distinctly that those who, by long use, have acquired facility in prayer, are not to be required to confine themselves to any definite plan of subjects or to any one method (*illis nec cer-*

tum argumentum nec ratio singularis videtur esse praescribenda). For the Holy Spirit has innumerable ways of enlightening the soul, and we should follow this Divine Teacher, not dictate to Him. Hence, to persons thus advanced, it would be wrong to forbid the contemplation of Divine Mysteries and of the Nature and Attributes of God. There may, indeed, be some danger of intellectual and spiritual pride in such contemplation, but this would not justify us in condemning a form of prayer which the teaching of the Fathers and universal experience show to be of all others the most efficacious for the acquisition of humility, obedience and apostolic zeal.

How Dr. Kirk has persuaded himself that this teaching was a mere lip-service to mysticism, never intended to be translated into practice, I find it impossible to conjecture. His whole treatment of Jesuit prayer is marked by prejudice, and a total failure to appreciate the situation as it must have presented itself to the persons concerned. He seems to be strangely unconscious of the many pitfalls that lie in wait for an external critic of institutions and tradition. His erudition—we can hardly call it scholarship—is voluminous, on a hundred subjects; but there is little trace of personal research or verification of the views that he retails. And yet on every subject he manages to seem equally competent, equally assured. Such assurance is, perhaps, a compensation for a defect of imaginative insight. But his readers, while they profit by his industry, will be well-advised to discount the apparent conclusiveness of his arguments. Many encyclopædias have gone to the making of this book, and something of their manner, as well as of their substance, has passed into it.

Meanwhile, at the end, we are left with this question: Has there been in the modern Church such a "Reversal of Tradition" as Dr. Kirk and others assert? We find no real proof of it in this volume, nor indeed in the authors upon whom this volume is based. There is some divergence between the practice of prayer in modern active Orders and that which we find in the monasteries of the Middle Ages. One type of life is best suited by one method, another by another. But, as regards prayer and contemplation in general, there has been nothing that merits to be called a reversal. The points in which prudent directors in all ages agree are far more numerous and more important than those in which they differ.

J. BOLLAND.

## IN THE WILDS OF KERRY

**T**HIS is some account of a summer holiday, of a road leading westward into Wales, and westward still through Wales to a corner of Ireland down west by the Atlantic.

On the last day of June in the present year of grace, we got up very early in the morning, early, that is, by reason not only of summer time, but much earlier even than that, and took the road for the first of a thousand miles.

We started through Saxon England, by Blewbury and Wantage, where Wayland Smith shod horses and where Alfred fought the Dane. Haymakers brought out their horses as we went by and the first carts were loading on Berkshire Downs as we began to think of a roadside breakfast. We traced Thames to her source and we crossed wide Severn. We found fresh-gathered strawberries by the side of twisting Wye. We passed without challenge the outpost battlements that bridge red Monnow, and for mile upon mile we followed the course of Usk, through border country where fishers were beguiling salmon, and so on and away under the mountains and into Wales.

An unknown poet has said of these rivers :

My heart often takes me back in fancy,  
By night, twilight, half-awakened fancy,  
Where three rivers swirl around the homeland,  
Long loved, long left, long to be remembered.

Wye flows grandly on the way to Severn,  
Sea-faring, salmon-bearing, Gloucester-washing Severn,  
Red flow of Monnow challenges the sunset,  
Usk shines sadly silver in the moonlight.

Some love Wye at Symond's Yat and Chepstow,  
Wish to live their lives and die at Chepstow,  
Monnow lingers long, beloved of Monmouth,  
Give me Usk and the memory of beech-woods.

Tenby changes little. Perhaps St. Catherine's Rock looks smaller to adult eyes than it appeared to the eyes of childhood.

Caldey Island has suffered change and remains unchanged, a home from which the sound of the Angelus bell will always be heard over the water by the ear of faith.

Our first glimpse of Ireland was the Tuskar Rock, seen across a moonlit sea, then the outline of the coast gradually appeared, and the view became clearer.

We passed between the sentinel forts of a mighty harbour, and moved slowly up the river.

It must be seen to be believed. "The Bay of Naples is nothing at all," say the Irish, and they are right surely, compared to the approach to Cork by water when dawn is breaking and everything wakes from sleep as the boat glides slowly homewards. A rainbow had come to earth and, losing itself behind the skyline, gave the key to the colour-scheme. The river changed to many successive shades, black, grey, gold and then blue. The shore beyond turned every shade of pink and purple ending in green, that wonderful Irish green that we were to know and love within the next few days.

Green and blue, blue and green, where did the one end, where did the other start? One felt it must be a dream, colouring like that could not be real. Green and blue . . . blue and green. . .

We left Cork and took the road to the Atlantic coast, and at each mile the road became wilder, the flora more wonderful. Hedges of fuchsia grew fifteen feet high; the saxifrages that peeped from walls would have rejoiced the heart of the most learned botanist. Ass-carts appeared, driven by black-hooded peasant women; little black Kerry cows fed by the side of the road.

Purple and blue mountains towered above us, reaching into brooding mists, and then of a sudden we came upon a view that made us silent and almost breathless, the view of the lakes of Killarney lying some thousand feet beneath us. Blue mountains, green woods, lake and sky merged into one another, and rivalled each other in splendour.

After the head of the pass we began the descent; round and round and round again the road winds, an awesome precipice on one side, the mountain slope on the other. Unexpected peeps of the Atlantic appear, bay succeeding bay, island following island, rocks and mountains, old as Time, inscrutable as God.

Then we saw the little bay with the green-turreted tower, which we knew was our destination—that little bay where we were to spend happy days, that little bay on the edge of the Atlantic.

It is just a bay, a village street, a few little white-washed

cabins, one or two little shops selling groceries, fishing tackle, fruit and vegetables, and the green-turreted Inn.

It all looked so small, as if the first storm might wash it away.

Here it was that we fished for salmon and we fished for peel, for the grand white sea-trout and the dainty "brownie." We fished the loughs from boats and the river from the banks.

We breakfasted and dined off fresh-caught fish, but we lunched with rod in the right hand and sandwich in the left.

At night all fish that had been caught were spread out in the hall, and each fisherman would recount at length, after the wont of the tribe, to a more or less enthusiastic audience every detail of the day's sport.

"Yes," we were told, "there are four Masses in the hotel each morning, so you needn't be walking away to the Parish Church. It is holiday time for the Jesuits and they like to come down West and do a little fishing, and it's ourselves just love to have them."

There was something very wonderful about these house-Masses, said by white-haired Fathers on holiday, and each Mass served by two Scholastics. Is it necessary that all Scholastics should be at least six feet tall, or was it just coincidence?

On fine mornings the windows were wide open, sun poured in. One heard the gentle noise of the sea, which did not sound like the Atlantic, and the queer pattering of the little black cows that seemed always to be passing and repassing. Men doffed their caps as they passed the windows; women knelt a few minutes in prayer; children, whom one had heard laughing and talking on their way to school, became silent and tiptoed as they passed.

On stormy mornings the windows were closed, the wind howled, spray from the Atlantic beat against the inn, and at times the room seemed to shake and quiver in the fury of the storm. But Mass went on.

One day we thought we would go to X, the nearest town to our village. We tried to find out (a) how far it was and (b) which way to go.

These are some of the answers we got.

"Sure, it's not too far. You will be back by to-night."

"Is it good road?" "That it is not. In many places it is not a road at all."

"Which way do you go?" "Follow the sea, till you can

follow it no longer and then strike over the hills. You couldn't miss it if you tried."

"Sure and it must be a town, not a village, because all that mortal man requires you can buy there."

The description was accurate. You could not miss the way.

We followed the sea till the road ended, and then a sheer track over the mountains. It was raining on top of the hill, and the clouds were hanging so low that one drove through great banks of white mist. Then came a sheer descent that looked as if it would finish in the sea, and when the road ended, there was X, a few houses, a station (the nearest to our Inn and where one train comes daily), a long, narrow street. Carts passed along laden with peat and evil-smelling fish, drovers with long sticks, a donkey and the little black cows here and there.

Above it all rises one of the most beautiful churches I have ever seen, built of granite, hewed out of the rocks.

Inside, candles burned before pictures and statues. The High Altar was a mass of flowers, mostly wild ones picked from the hedges. In various corners, women with shawls over their heads knelt in prayer, never even raising their eyes as we passed. Two dear barefooted urchins came in and paid a visit, and then we drove back over the wild blue hills.

We met nothing but an occasional donkey-cart or a woman carrying water.

Hills came out of the mist towering above us : plovers cried and wheeled past us, and every now and then a peep came of the Atlantic, bluer than the Heavens.

Someone has said that Kerry is the magic corner of Ireland, and after a drive like this, one realized it, but oh, the poverty and seeming sadness !

On another day we drove to a little church high up in the mountains. The presbytery looked deserted, weeds grew high in the garden. The gate was off its hinges. We rang the bell. An untidy, fierce-looking woman came to the door. She said we could go to Confession if we wanted to, and we followed her in and down a long, dark passage. At the end of it she turned and said : "What are you following me to the kitchen for ? Isn't it himself that's in the study ?"

We turned and retraced our steps and found "himself" in the room near the front door. He was tall and white-haired, thin and gaunt. He has the reputation of being one of the greatest saints.

We just knelt down in his study for Confession one at a time, with the other waiting outside a door that did not shut.

We spoke to him before we left. He was shy and not prepared to talk. Yes, it was lonely and bleak and wild in the winter, but the summer always came again. No, he did not often go for a holiday. Last time was in 1915, when he went to Dublin for a funeral. Instead of saying "Goodbye," he said, "God guard you and keep you and bring you safely to His heavenly home." As we drove down the winding hill road, he was still standing at his door, a tall, white-haired figure with the face of a saint.

We met one day a shrouded figure accompanied by a dog. At the moment of passing us (and I am sure she only then thought of it) she turned suddenly and inquired would we be after buying a small dog.

When we said no, and gave her a few shillings, she smiled and said: "It's myself that's glad you didn't want him. I should miss him sadly, but if it meant a few shillings for me and a good home for him, it's not me that would be standing in his way."

We turned back after they had gone, and watched them move slowly along the road, a black-shrouded figure, with a dog alongside, wagging his tail and looking up into her face as if to say: "How wise and clever you are. It's a few extra shillings for us both and I am still with you."

Are they happy, these people? The less they have of this world, the more they have of the other. One cannot pity them. One may fail to understand them.

Blue-eyed, black-haired children ran out of cabins that would not be used for cattle in England, looked at us and ran in again shyly. The country has its slums as well as the city: a problem in Ireland as elsewhere.

When we hinted that we were of local lineage, we were told, "If it's *the* O'Connell you are related to, it's Derrynane you must be seeing." So to Derrynane we went, not in our own but in a jaunting-car, which took us over a mountain, as usual, and down to a bay that rivalled almost anything we had ever seen.

There were palm-fringed sandy beaches, and tiny islands accessible at low tide. On one were the wonderfully-preserved ruins of an Abbey dating from the fourth century. Everywhere was golden sand and blue sky, blue sea and grass



of that wonderful colour of jade that one only sees "down West."

One thought of islands in the Pacific and of R.L.S., but one of the most beautiful bays in the world and a cluster of the most beautiful islands that man has ever seen lie around Derrynane, down West on the edge of the Atlantic.

We visited the old home of *The Liberator*. It is just as he left it. No piece of furniture has been moved. His pictures are there, his silver, his pistols, his desk with an unfinished letter.

We prayed in the little chapel that he built in thanksgiving after being released from gaol. We wandered through his garden. Wild-eyed Kerry-Blue terriers looked at us reproachfully, too sleepy and lazy even to growl. One wondered if they also had been there with him a hundred years ago.

When we said goodbye to Ireland, the sun was low in the west as we moved slowly down the Lee.

A soft, gentle rain was falling, sea-gulls were circling round the ship crying sadly.

We had indeed visited a magic country, an enchanted island. As we left the river and drew out to sea, the sun had set and the hills were growing dark.

We stood on deck and watched till the last outline of Ireland had disappeared. As I turned to go below, an old sailor said: "Is it sorry you are to be leaving the old country? Sure, you'll come back. They all come back."

And whether we go back or not we must be better for having seen and loved such magic beauty, such wonderful faith, such cheerful poverty, such dignity and modesty and gentleness as we saw everywhere, and in every peasant that we met in that little corner down West on the edge of the Atlantic.

G. MCKENNA.

## BLASPHEMY AND THE LAW

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fact that what was equivalently a Bill to abolish Blasphemy as a crime was debated at length in the Commons on January 24th of last year but dropped, owing to the attitude of the Government, after it had obtained a Second Reading, another attempt of the same kind is in process of being made: in fact, a "Religious Prosecutions (Abolition) Bill" was, on May 19, 1931, read a first time in the House of Commons. It contains two main proposals: the abolition of all criminal prosecutions for blasphemy or blasphemous libel *at common law*, and the repeal of certain penal enactments, bearing upon the subject. It is for moralists to say what the State's attitude ought to be: this is an attempt to say what it has been and is, in the hope of providing a definite standard by which to judge the arguments for change.

The English Common Law is built upon decided cases, so that exact notions can be formed only after examining them. Those wishing to judge for themselves will find the references to all the cases collected in the recent "History of the Crime of Blasphemy," by Mr. G. D. Noakes (1928).

In the Middle Ages blasphemy was an ecclesiastical offence, but in Tudor times the Prerogative Courts entertained it also. When Parliament abolished these Prerogative Courts, it expressly reserved to ecclesiastical authorities jurisdiction over "atheism, blasphemy, heresy or schism," thus stressing the distinction between blasphemy and the profession of false doctrines, whether atheistical or heretical.

In 1614 one Atwood had been tried, and it has been written that this is "the only case where it can be said that blasphemous or irreligious language was punished at *common law* before the Restoration."

This is how the delicious legal jargon sets out his offence: "Hec Vba scandalosa and heretical dixit retulit & ppalavit videlt: That our religion now used in England is a Newe religion not above Fourtye or Fyfte yeres standinge & that preachynge is but pratinge & Service once in one daye would edifye more than twoe Sermons."

It is pretty certain that the objection to Mr. Atwood's discourse upon religion was its embarrassing truth: for the

charge ends (another language!) "Car les parolls son seditious parolls encontre le State de nostre Esglise & encontre le peace del Relme & coment que ils sont spirituels parolls, uncore ils trahe un temporal consequent, Scilicet *le disturbance del peace.*" As to the official objection to his criticism of preachers, it is suggested that it may be explained if we remember the immense stress laid upon the "ministry of preaching" at that time, when Chief Justice Coke himself could utter the dictum: "To disturb a preacher is to disturb God."

The time of Charles II. was one of notorious laxity, both in faith and morals, and for a time it seemed as if the old safeguards were in abeyance or had been swept away. Immorality and irreligion were cognizable in the Ecclesiastical Courts, but spiritual censures had lost their sting, and those Civil Courts which had specially dealt with these matters as offences against civil order were extinct.

With the case of *The King against Taylor*, tried by Chief Justice Hale in 1675, begins our reliable series of authorities. It marked the definite assumption by the Common Law Courts of jurisdiction over an offence which they had not (with one doubtful exception already noticed) previously recognized.

Lord Hale gave as a reason for holding that he could entertain such a case:

Such kind of wicked and blasphemous words are not only an offence against God, cognizable by the Ecclesiastical Courts, but a crime against the laws and punishable by the Court, for to say that Christ is a cheat is to dissolve all those obligations whereby the civil societies are preserved. *Christianity being part and parcel of the laws of England*, therefore to speak in reproach of the Christian religion is to speak in subversion of the law.

The phrase which we have italicized runs like a refrain through subsequent judicial utterances: it will be seen that there are two views of what it means, and it will become apparent that on the determination of which is correct depends our conclusion as to what the offence of blasphemy actually is in law.

In 1726 one Elwall was prosecuted for blasphemy in having written a "True Testimony for God, being a plain honest Defence of the First Commandment against all the Trini-

tarians under Heaven." The judge asked if he had ever consulted "any of our clergy and bishops," to which he answered: "I have written six letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and had four from him, but His Grace gave no satisfaction as he referred me only to Acts of Parliament and Declarations of State." "Well, if His Grace was not able to give you satisfaction, Mr. Elwall, I believe I shall not." After this pleasant chat, he was acquitted.

In 1728 Woolston, a clergyman who made unpleasant "jokes" about Christ's miracles, came before Lord Raymond. The judge thus addressed him: "The Court desires you to take notice that it lays great stress on the charge of *general and indecent* attacks, and does not intend to include disputes between men on controversial points."

Several famous cases took place in connection with the publication of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," the Carlile family being particularly concerned. But the doctrine followed was very much that of Lord Raymond.

*Waddington* who wrote, amongst other things, that "Christ was an impostor, a murderer and a fanatic," was tried before Lord Tenterden in 1822. A juror asked the judge: "Is a work denying the divinity of Christ a libel?" The judge cautiously replied: "A work speaking of Christ in the language used in *this publication* is a libel."

*Charles Bradlaugh* and the "Freethinker" gave occasion for considerable discussion of the subject in 1883. The printers, *Ramsay and Foote*, were prosecuted first, but the jury disagreed, after Mr. Justice North had directed that all denial of Christianity was blasphemy. But when Bradlaugh himself came before Chief Justice Coleridge, the judge gave a notable ruling:

I am aware that it has been lately laid down by a learned judge, whose opinion is entitled to respect, that any attacks upon the fundamental principles of the Christian Religion, and any discussion hostile to the inspiration or perfect purity of the Hebrew Scriptures, is, however respectfully conducted, against the law of the land and is subject matter for prosecution. As at present advised, I do not assent to that view of the law. It is founded, as it seems to me, upon misunderstood expressions in the judgments of great judges of former times, who have said, no doubt, that inasmuch as Christianity is in a sense part of the law of the land, and as Chris-

tianity adopts and assumes the truth, in some sense or other, of inspiration, and in some sense or other assumes the purity of the Hebrew Scriptures, anything which assails the truth of Christianity or asperses the purity of the Hebrew Scriptures, however respectfully, is a breach of the law. *I fail to see the consequence from the premises* because you may attack anything that is part of the law of the land, in respectful terms, without committing a crime, otherwise no alteration in any part of the law could ever be advocated by anybody. Monarchy is part of the law of the land; primogeniture is part of the law of the land; and deliberate and respectful discussion upon the first principles of the law of inheritance, upon the first principles of government, on that principle, so far as I can see, would be an indictable libel.

The consequence appears to me so extreme and untenable as to show that the premises must be wrong.

Later, when he tried *Ramsay and Foote*, Lord Coleridge said: "It is a question whether these things are not calculated and intended to insult the feelings of the great majority of persons amongst whom we live: and if so, they are not to be tolerated any more than any other nuisance is tolerated."

The present century has yielded three cases of importance on the subject. In 1908 one *Boulter* was prosecuted before Mr. Justice Phillimore. The judge followed closely the doctrine of Lord Coleridge:

a man is free to teach what he likes as to religious matters, even if it be unbelief. But when we come to consider whether he has exceeded the permitted limits, we must not neglect to consider the place where he speaks. A man is not free, in a public place, where passers-by who might not willingly go to listen to him knowing what he was going to say, might accidentally hear his views, or where young people might be present—a man is not free in such places to use coarse ridicule on subjects which are sacred to most people in this country.

He is free to advance argument.

As recently as 1922 one *Gott* was prosecuted. Mr. Justice Avory said: "looked at as a whole, is there anything more than vilification, ridicule or irreverence . . . is there in any sense an argument?" And when *Gott* appealed on the ground (partly) that the test was not offensiveness to persons of *strong*

religious feelings, the Lord Chief Justice remarked: "It does not require a person of *strong* religious feelings to be outraged by a description of Christ entering Jerusalem 'like a circus clown on the back of two donkeys.'"

At the time of the Bradlaugh case, Sir James FitzJames Stephen maintained in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1884, that Lord Coleridge was in error, and that any expressed disagreement with Christianity was blasphemy in law. He was answered by a pamphlet by Mr. Aspland, a barrister, but repeated his opinion in his "Code of Criminal Law." He strongly stressed two recent cases, which are of great interest.

In *Briggs v. Hartley* (1850), a testator created a trust to provide a prize for an Essay setting forth Natural Theology as sufficient creed for man. The Court declined to aid in the recovery of the fund, because the subject of the essay was clearly contrary to Christianity.

In *Cowan v. Milbourn* (1867) the Secretary of the Secular Society booked a hall for two afternoons. Posters announcing the meetings appeared later, from which the proprietor learned that lectures were to be delivered on the subjects: "The Character and Teachings of Christ: the former defective, the latter misleading!" "The Bible shown to be no more inspired than any other book." The proprietor withdrew his permission, and was sued for breach of contract. The Court held that he had not only a right but a duty to withdraw from the contract, which it declined to enforce.

The whole subject came before the House of Lords for discussion in 1917 in the case of *Bowman v. The Secular Society*, which was to decide whether the law would uphold a legacy left to a body whose objects were declared to be anti-religious. Lord Finlay delivered the first judgment. He affirmed Lord Coleridge's view, as already given, saying: "No decision has been brought to our notice in which a conviction took place for the advocacy of principles at variance with Christianity, apart from circumstances of scurrility or intemperance of language."

But he went on to say that, although the Society's objects were not unlawful in the sense that the law would at once suppress it, nevertheless, they were such that the law would give no help for the recovery of funds to be applied in their promotion: just as, though fornication is not a crime, yet the law will not enforce a trust in consideration of future immoral

relations. For this Lord Finlay relied especially on *Briggs v. Hartley* and *Cowan v. Milbourn*.

All the other judgments agreed with Lord Finlay in his first point. But all disagreed with him on the second. Some of their Lordships held that the two cases were bad law and should be over-ruled. But Lord Sumner suggested that *Cowan v. Milbourn* is not necessarily an authority for the view that it had generally been thought to support, and argued the other possibilities most carefully.

"The judges meant to decide no new law. . . The rooms had been engaged for two purposes. One was for a tea-party and a ball, in memory of Tom Paine; and the other was for the delivery of the lectures in question. As to the first, the judge left the case to the jury, who gave a farthing damages for the frustration of this dismal, but no doubt harmless, festivity. As to the other, some fear of a breach of the peace may have existed, for intervention by a police constable is mentioned in one report. The plea alleged a purpose: 'to use the said rooms for certain irreligious, blasphemous and illegal lectures.'

The judge refused to allow the case to go to the jury. Clearly he ruled that under such titles no lectures could be delivered that would not be unlawful. But lectures lawful, because decently expressed, could have been delivered under these titles [as *could* lectures lawful, because wholly irrelevant!—AUCTOR], and, therefore, the hiring of the rooms was not conclusively shown to have been for an unlawful purpose and void.

The alternative view of the case must be that the whole Court held that any general denial or dispute of Christian faith is unlawful, which had not been held at law before.

From this it would follow that a person whose business it was to publish and sell anti-Christian books need not pay his printers' bills nor the poor rates for his shop, a proposition that is refuted by stating it."

Thus, even though it were once *possible*, in spite of the series of famous judgments to the contrary, to think that the expression of *opinion* in religious matters could constitute a crime, now that the supreme tribunal of the House of Lords has considered the subject with the utmost care it would appear certain that the offence of blasphemy at Common Law was correctly defined by the old writer, Starkie, as: "The wilful intention to insult and mislead others by means of



*licentious and contumelious abuse* offered to sacred subjects." The description of this body of law as "The last remaining fetter on the free expression of opinion in England" (or anything like it) would seem to spring from ignorance or a desire to mislead.

Space forbids discussion of the statutes: they are exceedingly interesting rather than important. The real objective of the present Bill is the abolition of the Common Law offence.

As to the ethics of the question, Father Lewis Watt, S.J., Professor of Moral Philosophy at Heythrop, referred to the Bill of 1930 in *THE MONTH* for April, 1930: "It may be said at once that in a community which is still to a large extent, even though rather vaguely, Christian, the State should severely prohibit any public blasphemy, using that word in the sense which it has in English law. . . To reply that God does not need the protection of the civil law is to miss the point . . . the purpose of the Blasphemy Law is not to protect God, but to protect the community!"

It is not for a layman to air moral views. But, really, when the mover of the last Bill seemed to attach great value to a communication to a colleague from one of the latter's constituents:—"As an Irishman and a Catholic, I am looking forward to seeing your name amongst those who will vote for the abolition of that abominable blasphemy law, which brings in the policeman to assist the Almighty God," one may surmise that Catholic teaching on the subject is not familiar to every Catholic, and one can adopt the sharp criticism which Mr. R. H. Tawney levels at similar *otherworldly* people: "In emphasizing that God's kingdom is not of this world, they do not always escape the suggestion that this world is no part of God's kingdom."

REGINALD C. S. ELLISON.

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A CATHOLIC NOVELIST ?

A STUDY OF FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

**T**HE modern novel has become a field for the exercise of every kind of artistic talent : a storehouse of all the literary *genres* known to us, from the most objective to the most personal. Towards an art-form of such wide range and importance, the Catholic Church must necessarily define her attitude. Dealing as it does essentially with human actions, the novel, like the drama, has come to stage the conflict between æsthetic and moral principles. The Church, of course, can never admit the sufficiency of æsthetic principles as guides to human conduct. Her opposition to certain features of the post-Renaissance drama in France was uncompromising, as can be seen from the invectives of Bossuet and Nicole. That opposition was disarmed only when the genius of Racine remoulded the drama and stamped it with the Christian spirit. The rise of the modern novel has led to new phases of the old struggle. In our own day it has broken out with renewed vigour around the books and theories of M. François Mauriac.

A brilliant writer, gifted with the vision and sincerity of a true artist, François Mauriac has an undisguised contempt for the inartistic yet pious tales which illustrate the triumph of virtue and unfailing defeat of vice. He professes himself unaffected by the ecclesiastical approbation in virtue of which these books fill the shelves of parish libraries, are given away as prizes in schools and convents, and are recommended in various "white lists" of innocuous literary provender. He will have nothing to do with what he considers misleading and shallow. Truth is the first requisite in art, and a true novelist must paint life as he sees it, with all the shadows and depressions. The overmastering inward impulse which forces him to speak out, forces him necessarily to speak the truth. He cannot conceive one thing and bring forth something else. And it is this unswerving truthfulness which, he considers, will enable him successfully to fulfil the moral function of a Catholic novelist. It will either make manifest the finger of

God in the vicissitudes of human fortune, or it will create an overwhelming yearning for God by the naked presentation of the vanity of a Godless phase of life. This last idea is a favourite one with Mauriac; it is the lesson he has learned from the study of one who is reckoned amongst the influences of his work, Marcel Proust. "Of the vast and putrid work of Proust," says he, "what I have retained is the image of a blessed chasm, an immeasurable void. In the humanity painted by Proust that which strikes me is this abyss, this emptiness, in a word, this absence of God."

Accordingly, he sees in what he bluntly and justly styles Proust's "putridity" a faithful representation of human life. It is a view too common amongst even Catholics abroad. It represents everything as being under the sway of concupiscence, in its obvious carnal sense. All other appetites are deemed subordinate to this. All other activities are tame in comparison with the pursuit of sensual pleasure. In a famous paper, published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*,<sup>1</sup> "Souffrances du Chrétien," Mauriac speaks of the corrosive, all-per-vading influence of this animal urge, vitiating every lofty aspiration, every noble effort, casting its dark shadow over the most sacred affections and strivings. In a striking page, commenting on a sermon of Bossuet, Mauriac tries to show how the very arguments which the preacher employs in order to dissuade the sinner, serve all the more effectively to drive the unhappy one to the fulfilment of his desire. For if life is brief and charms must soon fade, the sinner has his reply, the eternal reply of all hedonists: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." The greatest suffering of a Christian is that he may never give way to this concupiscence. Christianity will make no truce with the flesh, for all flesh has become corrupt. Marriage we must consider as something merely tolerated, though it is a sacrament of the Church; in any case, the marriage-state is the least noble condition in Christian life.

Again, this concupiscence,—to continue his argument,—is universal in its promptings and irresistible in its force. Against its attacks all men are unarmed. Temptation and almost inevitable fall is the normal process. Grace, of course, can, and does sometimes, overcome concupiscence. It works at times sudden and entire transformations, for it too, like its adversary, is possessed of an overmastering force. But its play is mysterious. It steps in unexpectedly, saves now one

<sup>1</sup> November, 1928.

victim, now another. In vain we ask, why this one and why not that other, why to-day and not yesterday or to-morrow. . .

This pessimistic paper, seemingly so sincere, produced a great impression at the time of its publication, but naturally it was not received without vigorous Catholic protests. In a subsequent paper, M. Mauriac confessed that "*Souffrances du Chrétien*" was only a half-sincere, informal commentary on certain sermons of Bossuet; and as a corrective of it, he then gave to the public some very beautiful pages on "*Le Bonheur du Chrétien*."<sup>1</sup> In this, he dwells on the sources of Christian joy—"the unique personality of Jesus, known, loved, and united to us in Holy Communion, the joys of Christian fellowship, the birth, the growth, and the flowering of the life of grace in our souls. The real suffering of the Christian does not consist, as I insinuated, in not being able to follow his lustful desires. For him there is but one sorrow—in the words of Leon Bloy, that of not being a saint. The knowledge of the holy lives of others awakes a certain shame and sadness in the Christian, which, however, do not lead to despair but to love."

But sincere as these avowals undoubtedly are, the former article, "*Souffrances du Chrétien*," represents the more habitual, the more fundamental, as it certainly is the earlier attitude, of the writer, one in which the true Catholic will at once have recognized a mixture of Manichean and Jansenistical ideas, rendered all the more piquant by a dash of Freudian naturalism. This depressing view of the world is illustrated by the various novels which Mauriac wrote, before the moral crisis described in "*Dieu et Mammon*."

In these novels, the main action almost always turns around some aspect of sexual attraction or repulsion. They constitute studies in temptation and surrender. . . The larger number of his characters,—the two Courreges, Daniel Trasis, Gisele de Plailly, Percy Larrousselle, F. Dezaymeries, Elizabeth Gornac, Claude Favereau, Fanny Barrett,—are men and women tortured by some subtle form of sensual desire. Nobody denies the exceptional brilliance of these works, the force and polish of their style, the truth and subtlety of the psychology, *as far as it goes*, the restraint and economy of the composition. Mauriac has, to a unique degree, the gift of painting the most complex states of the mind by a few

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* April, 1929.

masterly strokes. He abounds in vivid phrases, in arresting epithets, in new and fertile comparisons. There are passages of dialogue faultless in their brevity and completeness, their naturalness and swift energy. . . . But for all these and other merits, these books are emphatically unpleasant. We must admit that this Catholic writer who, in his "Essais de Psychologie religieuse," "La Vie et la Mort d'un Poete," "Les Mains Jointes," and later on in "Dieu et Mammon," shows himself a sensitive, almost a mystic soul, here revels in images of a sickening realism. His unusual mastery of the art of suggestion, his command of the images of smell and touch, creates around us an atmosphere heavy with the fumes of corruption. We are made to live in a kind of spiritual charnel house. We are astonished by what Paul Archambault has called "the extraordinary fertility of his imagination in odious and lascivious personages."<sup>1</sup>

Consistently with his conception of the rôle and nature of grace, if any of these personages succeeds in overcoming the flesh, the victory is not the fruit of a long and patient struggle at self-mastery, marked by many short-lived triumphs and agonizing relapses, but rather an instantaneous and radical conversion. The victim of passion has become the captive of grace. When Daniel Trasis goes in search of Gisele de Plailly, the mistress whom he had lost for some time, he finds her at church—returning from Holy Communion. He therefore resolves to abandon the pursuit. But he cannot understand her conversion, no more than Gisele herself. "I have had no hand in it, no, none at all. It is as if someone else put himself in my place. How can I explain to you? The hungry cries within me were stilled, and a voice which I had ceased to hear made itself heard."<sup>2</sup>

It is not, therefore, surprising that Catholics should have received these books with more than pained reserve. Foremost among the adversaries was the famous Abbé Bethleem and his *Revue des Lectures*. The Abbé is well known and admired as a fearless enemy of pornography in literature. His *Revue*, while appraising the literary side of books, judges them principally from the moral point of view. Hence, his condemnation of Mauriac was inevitable. Other critics as well, who are more fully appreciative of the æsthetic aspect, but who are equally alive to the need of harmonizing it with moral exigencies, have passed almost equally severe judg-

<sup>1</sup> "Jeunes Maitres," p. 61.

<sup>2</sup> "La Fleuve de Feu," p. 182.

ments on the "Catholic" novels of Mauriac. Notable among these were M. Franc-Nohain in the *Echo de Paris*,<sup>1</sup> M. Andre Chaumeix in *Le Gaulois*,<sup>2</sup> Paul Archambault in the *Cahiers de la Nouvelle Journée*,<sup>3</sup> and Father Victor Poucel in the *Etudes*.<sup>4</sup> These writers made handsome acknowledgements of the author's rare literary abilities. But their condemnation from the moral point of view was not the less severe. One point of that condemnation was especially emphasized. The artistic presentation of evil, with the minute and intimate familiarity with it which such a presentation implies, was rightly held to constitute, both for writer and reader, an immediate moral danger which no literary merit can outweigh.

The Catholic conscience of Mauriac could not remain indifferent to so grave a charge and to the danger which it signalized. He frankly recognized the moral responsibility of the novelist, and in touching terms admitted the evil that his novels might have caused. He had believed too unquestioningly in a dictum of André Gides: "With good sentiments you will only make bad literature." "André Gides," says Mauriac, "asserts that it is not possible to create a work of art without the collaboration of the devil. A writer, in order to touch and move his reader, must always appeal to that substratum of sensual pleasure that is in him, that vague and restless tendency towards the joys of the senses, which lead to nothing and to everything at the same time."<sup>5</sup> The result of this wrong principle was that, in spite of good intentions, the books thus inspired were harmful. Even of his first and least audacious works, he confesses: "However inoffensive they might have been, they shocked souls, not merely timid as I believed them to be, but simply delicate and sensitive to my secret poison."<sup>6</sup> Catholic criticism, therefore, had not been unjust in its judgment of his work. "The odour of corruption which it (Catholic criticism) scented in my books, can I pretend that it does not hang over them, as over burial grounds, which none the less are dominated by the cross?"<sup>7</sup>

What was the solution? Since evil must be painted in its true colours, was there any way of doing it which excluded all complicity with it? Jacques Maritain seems to think so.

The fundamental question [says he] is not whether a

<sup>1</sup> June 7, 1923.

<sup>2</sup> June 2, 1923.

<sup>3</sup> No. 7, "Jeunes Maltres."

<sup>4</sup> June 20, 1929, and August 20, 1930.

<sup>5</sup> "Dieu et Mammon."

<sup>6</sup> "Dieu et Mammon."

<sup>7</sup> "Dieu et Mammon."

novelist may paint or not paint a given aspect of evil. The essential thing is to know with what degree of aloofness he might do his painting, and whether his heart and his skill are sufficiently pure and strong to do it without conniving at it. The deeper the novel descends into man's wretchedness, the more it demands of the novelist superhuman virtues. To write the work of a Proust as it needed to be written, the interior light of St. Augustine would have been necessary. Alas, it is just the contrary that has happened, and we see the observer and the thing observed, the novelist and his subject, rivalling one another in depravity.<sup>1</sup>

M. Mauriac is impressed by these words, which he cites, but he is only half-convinced of their truth. This aloofness is impossible for a true artist. Nevertheless, the moral illumination he experienced was bound to have a result. How was he going to reconcile these two necessities, morality and veracity? Literary circles in France awaited with unusual interest his next novel.

"*Ce Que Etait Perdu*" was published in July, 1930, and was hailed by the secular press as a masterpiece. And it has, in fact, the qualities which make François Mauriac a great artist. It is the story of two households, those of Hervé de Blenauge and Marcel Revaux, broken up by the suicide of Irène, the neglected wife of Hervé, and the return of Tota, the wife of Marcel, to her home in the country, freed from the detestable presence of her husband. There are in the book dialogues in which not one word seems false; the old unfailing insight into the most hidden recesses of moral weakness, the same astonishing power of suggestion, the terse and vivid phraseology. But, it must be confessed, Catholic critics are still not satisfied. Certainly the book contains no sensuous descriptions evocative of dangerous images. The author has shown a restraint which recalls "*Genitrix*" and the "*Baiser aux Lepreux*," among his earlier works. Still, the atmosphere remains heavy and suffocating. Rarely has M. Mauriac drawn two such repulsive characters as Marcel and Hervé. The pathetic Irène, the only person who stirs our sympathy, commits suicide. The mother of Hervé, the old "dévoté," who had arranged the marriage of her son with an eye on Irène's fortune, does not present Catholicism in an amiable

<sup>1</sup> "Art et Scolastique."



light. And what shall we say of the "saint" who, in the confessional, bids the mother rejoice because he has had a private revelation that Irène was saved? The conversion of Hervé, and the vocation of Alain, the brother of Tota, have all of the mysterious suddenness of M. Mauriac's other conversions. These and many other strictures passed by Catholics on "*Ce Que Etait Perdu*" are undoubtedly severe, and perhaps do not sufficiently recognize M. Mauriac's bold attempt to unravel the motives of the tragic errors of well-meaning persons, and to suggest how different must be the judgments of God from those of men. However, after saying the best we can for M. Mauriac's latest book, it is clear that it has not solved the problem of the Catholic novel. The reason for this failure is not the lack of talent or good will. We must seek it in the fact that Mauriac does not yet realize how a whole-hearted acceptance of Catholicism should affect a Catholic novelist.

To begin with, it is manifestly untrue to imply that to depict the moral chaos and unhappiness which results from the exclusion of God from human life, is an effective way of rendering a novel "Catholic." Is not this too negative a conception of what, by very definition, should be positive, pregnant with positive teaching, though this teaching need be, nay, had best be, no more than suggested? Doubtless truth is one, and the veriest fragment of its universal essence, if the fragment be presented objectively and forcibly, should somehow suggest all that is left out. Hence it is that no aspect of reality, not even reality the most revolting from the moral point of view, is in itself incapable of being fitted into the Catholic scheme of things. But whatever phase of human experience is presented, it must be in conformity or in contrast with the objective Catholic standard of truth and goodness; it must be judged by its reactions in the presence of the Absolute, manifested by faith. And by faith we mean not merely dogmatic teaching, but the spirit of faith—the whole sum of ideas and sentiments, æsthetic values, social ideas, etc., created by the certainty of the Catholic religion. After all, the sense of disgust and futility, which the spectacle of a Godless "animal" life should arouse, demands Catholic convictions to start with. Experience shows that such expositions of sensual depravity only make the bad worse. M. Mauriac himself seems to be conscious of this. For, after speaking of the absence of God

which strikes him in Proust's work, he concludes: "That is what I see, because I am a Christian, whereas others, perhaps, will find satisfaction in the more disturbing images."

The insufficiency of the negative standard will be made clearer by a glance at the work of another novelist, whose fidelity to his interior vision has made him too a great artist—Thomas Hardy. In his works, the absence of God is sensed not in the moral but in the metaphysical order. Who will deny that, but for certain pessimistic exaggerations and occasional very unwise excursions into metaphysics, Thomas Hardy's picture of this fallen world is substantially true? It is a world where often the best laid plans for success and happiness bring in their train the direst discomfiture: where things as we find them—man, nature, inorganic forces,—often combine to destroy the chances of a permanent contentment with life. Hardy explains this by the hypothesis of an "Immanence that reasoneth not," of a blind Will fulfilling its purpose unfeelingly, un pityingly. But very few of Hardy's readers are moved to take this metaphysic very seriously. On the other hand, his picture of existence becomes intelligible if viewed from the Christian standpoint—involving an initial disorder introduced by sin, an overruling Providence, a time of probation, rewards and punishment and life after death. Many a Catholic must have risen from a reading of Hardy's books, not only with his emotions purged and purified by the contemplation of tragedy, but his belief of the incalculable consequences of sin, and his faith in a future existence confirmed. Perhaps this is the reason why Hardy has exercised a strong fascination for Catholic critics,—Lionel Johnson, for instance, and Bertram Windle. Yet, for all that, who would claim "*Tess*" and "*Jude the Obscure*" to be Catholic novels?

It is clear, therefore, that a Catholic novel, to be worthy of the name, must present a Catholic view of life, and stimulate action based on Catholic principles of conduct. Is this equivalent to saying that a Catholic whose peculiar talent may lie in the dissection of moral evil and the unravelling of the most repulsive aspects of sin—a precious talent in itself—should abandon the hope of writing real imaginative literature? Both reason and experience deny this conclusion. A Catholic, whilst realizing the fullest horror of evil as opposed to the Absolute Good, sees, nevertheless, that it is essentially a negation, and retains his sympathy with human nature thus

distorted and deceived. He sees the potential good in the sinner. He knows that in life all these revolting things, distributed as they are at intervals of time and space, are softened by a thousand attenuating circumstances. And secondly, Catholicism, which connotes not merely a bundle of logically-assorted and abstract articles of belief, but also a spirit, an attitude of mind in which a supernatural optimism, a serene confidence in the triumph of good, are fundamental, does not mistake the part for the whole. In the smallest details of a truly Catholic art is implied the entire Catholic view of life. "Upon the dewdrop's silver sphere, full mirrored glide the skies." It is by concentrating exclusively upon one or two aspects or characteristics of human life that the artist ceases to be Catholic and becomes a "heretic" in the literal sense of the term. All art is, no doubt, by the very nature of things, an exaggeration, as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out. There is no need to heighten the exaggeration by one-sided picking and choosing.

And let us note this well,—this ever-present Catholic background is the surest safeguard against the undue self-identification with evil which M. Mauriac thinks, or used to think, necessary for the successful painter of evil. He exaggerates the nature and extent of this sympathy. A man may enter into the very heart of a sinner, even while limiting himself to a purely intellectual and non-committal apprehension of his sin. No one, for instance, has understood and delineated sin and the sinner's psychology so perfectly as the great preacher, the incomparable Bourdaloue. Or, if a purely literary example must be given, who so tender, so sympathetic towards the weak, yet so inexorably Catholic, as Dante? It would be difficult even for Mauriac to rival the episode of Paolo and Francesca as a study in temptation and sin. And for an even more astounding example of intellectual, as distinct from moral, sympathy, let us recall the famous page in the "Grammar of Assent" which the profoundly-believing spirit of Newman consecrated to the "pleasures of doubt."

The emphasis which M. Mauriac has laid on the negative qualities of his art is probably due to the incredible restrictions he has placed in his choice of material. By his preoccupation with the sensual, he has practically denied the possibility of a satisfactory presentation of Catholic effort and achievement in the larger aspects of the interior warfare. He describes sin and temptation not merely because he has es-

pecial insight into them, but chiefly, it would seem, because it would be an unwarrantable intrusion into God's domain to undertake to describe in fiction the development of a virtuous character under the mysterious influences of grace. Nothing could show more clearly that, as in life so in literature, Jansenism is a bad master. Though hidden in its workings, there is nothing arbitrary or magical about grace. St. Ignatius, in his "Discernment of Spirits," has detected a certain uniformity in its action. And any effort at creative art emulates in some sense God's unapproachable handiwork. Finally, all Catholics know that, however necessary and powerful the movements of grace may be, personal endeavour is the condition of all salvation, and that supernatural sanctification has, exteriorly at least, all the dramatic interests of purely human effort. M. Mauriac will not, for instance, deny the palpitating humanity of St. Augustine's "Confessions," or the intensely human interest with which some of his own countrymen—a Louis Bertrand, a Baumann, a Lavedan, a Henri Ghéon—have in recent times endowed, in biography and fiction, the achievements of the saints. It is unnecessary to enter here into the everlasting question of grace and free will. But without being untrue to nature or to grace M. Mauriac could have given us a few characters that occasionally make real acts of the will. Surely M. Mauriac knows all this as well as anyone else. One suspects that he has been looking out for excuses and that the real reason for his narrow choice of material is the saying of Gides already quoted: "With good sentiments you will only make bad literature."

A novel of Catholic achievement—why should it be confined to the very limited field of sexual love within which M. Mauriac has perversely confined himself? The whole world of human action,—"*quidquid agunt homines*"—lies before it. It is surely time to protest against the monstrous eroticism of modern art; it is necessary to put an end to the undue prominence of the sex interest in romance, and the Catholic artist should be the first to lead the reaction. And this is possible even if one remains within the psychological novel, the novel that studies the human soul, lays bare the motives of its action, penetrates into the innermost recesses of the autonomous self, and watches it as it exercises the sacred privilege of choosing freely. How many departments of man's activity remain open for the Catholic novelist to exploit! M. Mauriac has certainly a knowledge of some of these other activities.

In "Genitrix" he has given us a powerful study of an abnormally developed love of a mother. In "Le Démon de la Connaissance"<sup>1</sup> he has analysed with great skill the passion for knowledge, the *libido sciendi* which makes and then mars a vocation to the priesthood. But even here, it must be confessed, the character of Maryan receives a subtle colouring from a subconscious strain of eroticism. Even modern non-Catholic fiction has scored notable successes in stories where love is not the predominant motive. Two examples—and those not from war literature—will suffice. High among the masterpieces of modern fiction rank Hardy's "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and Willa Cather's "Death comes for the Archbishop." They are not perfect, the former from the moral, and the latter from the artistic point of view. But they set an example which Catholics may well take to heart.

But the legitimate field for the Catholic novelist may be still more enlarged. It is not necessary that he should stay within the limits of a psychological study. There still remains what has been called "the socio-political novel." It deals with the fortunes of men in so far as they constitute members of a family, of a class of society, of a political state. It shows the part played by Catholicism in the organization and maintenance of society. It endeavours to show that the Church is the only moral force that ensures the normal and entire development of the social instincts of man. It points the social disasters that result from an abandonment of Catholicism. The socio-political novel is, therefore, a powerful "external" apologetic for the Faith. Paul Bourget is unquestionably the greatest living master of this class of fiction. M. Bourget's political sympathies have been royalist, and his characters are generally drawn from the bourgeois class. Consequently, Albert Thibautet feels himself justified in saying that the condemnation of the *Action Française* implied, in some sort, the ecclesiastical disowning of the socio-political novel.<sup>2</sup> The disowning of a certain kind, perhaps. But of the genre? Surely no. And even for M. Bourget, let us recall that his greatest work, "Un Divorce," deals with a question that has no relation with political party-labels. What matters is the presentation of the rôle of the Church as the guardian of social order, whatever be the particular garment which society happens to

<sup>1</sup> "Trois Récits."

<sup>2</sup> *Nouvelle Revue Française*, August, 1930.

wear in a given circumstance. If Paul Bourget has written "bourgeois" novels, nothing deters others from writing "proletarian" novels. And we can imagine this being brilliantly done by the apostle and artist who has written "*Le Christ dans le Banlieu*."<sup>1</sup>

From the foregoing sketch of the controversy provoked by M. François Mauriac it is clear that Catholic France has become alive to the need of stamping a Catholic visage on the most important branch of modern literature. Catholics realize that the success of this experiment will bring with it precious advantages to their cause. Mauriac himself has indicated the fundamental reason why the novel can so powerfully aid the Faith.

Whether we like it or not, there exists between the novel and the religious spirit a secret understanding. They are closely dependent upon one another. . . . There is no true novelist who does not, most often without knowing it, work in favour of Christianity. For, in fact, what above all is a Christian? It is a man who exists in so far as he is an individual, it is a man who is taking cognizance of himself. The examination of conscience creates conscience. Confession and self-avowal circumscribe us, cut us off from the mass. If the East has resisted Christ for centuries, it is because the Oriental denies his individual existence, aspires after the dissolution of his being, and desires to lose himself in the universal. He cannot conceive that such and such a drop of blood has been shed for him in particular, because he does not know that he is a man different from all the others. Now the Western novel, the novel of to-day, is essentially the story of an individual being, detached from the rest, which must save itself, and work out its salvation with the means that are offered to it.<sup>2</sup>

The writer, who sees so clearly the true rôle of the Catholic novel, may yet be able to express satisfactorily his own conception.

JEROME D'SOUZA.

<sup>1</sup> Pierre Lhande, S.J.

<sup>2</sup> "*Dieu et Mammon*."

## TRANSFIGURATION

(Night. The open Sea. Choppy weather. In spite of the dark, you see ridges of white surf appearing and disappearing. There is sufficient mist just to make the sky indistinguishable from the water. The water is always there, swaying enormously without any true advance. It has therefore its vast but almost inert consciousness; whereas the waves are each of them new, momentarily aware, but without experience. They break into a million drops of spray, but even the spray has no time to learn anything. A Sea-Bird, swept out by some gale and now exhausted, flies darkly over the water, trying to settle on it from time to time, to rest; but it immediately rises again, having lost the control of its instinct, and knowing itself doomed.)

THE SEA-BIRD: Nothing, nothing, nothing!

(The Sea admits that the Bird is there, but does nothing for it, and says nothing to it.)

THE WAVES: I begin! I heave myself! I race, and with a million hands! I . . . (*they scatter into surf*).

THE SURF: Whither? whither? whither? (*It vanishes.*)

THE BIRD: I cannot, I cannot, I cannot! No rock; no turf; no rock; no more any nest. . . Nothing, nothing, nothing. (*It subsides on the water with outspread wings, its eyes staring but glazed. It surrenders.*)

THE SPRAY: I drench it—I rain rapidly upon it.

THE WAVES: What is this upon me? I will not have it. I—

(The Sea smothers it and there is no more Bird.)

THE SPRAY: Where is it? what was it?

THE WAVES: Was there something?

(For a while the Sea continues to move in an immense and meaningless tumult. The Waves have their brief moment of expectation, and indignant check, while the Spray flies to and fro, and half of it is whirled into the air and joins the mist, while the rest relapses into the Waves which do not recognize it.)

Looking Eastward, you see an emerald light, and a ruby light, both dimmed by distance and mist, and, high above them, a white light, dimmer still. They heave and dip, for the Ship that carries them is pitching violently. At last you see the Ship, a towering black mass, blacker than the Sea or the Sky. As it proceeds, it cuts the wind that is pouring against it into two, and the Wind streams with intense anger to this side and that, tossed to and fro by the currents of air that are set going other-



wise than by the Ship, and so, making eddies and exasperation overhead and to right and left. As for the Water, it gets forced no less violently to either side, in great curves mounting into surf of their own. They rush outwards and encounter the normal Surf and conflict hissingly with it. For a while the Surf made by the Ship runs forward above the Waves and their Spray; but soon enough it gets pounded underneath, and, were it daylight, you could see it struggling and gasping under the surface, till it gives up, and clouds away like a soul dissolving under your very eyes.)

THE SHIP (*trembling to the rhythm of its Engines*): I'm bound to go on. Bound to go on. It's difficult, but I'm bound to go on. It's difficult, difficult, difficult.

THE ENGINES: *We don't care! We don't care! We don't care!*

(Their glistening masses of steel swing round and their shafts slide to and fro in the most perfect accuracy, impassive, not even obediently after all.)

THE SHIP: I'm bound to go on.

THE SEA (*suddenly alert and indignant*): Why?

THE SHIP: It's got to be done. There isn't a Why. I know nothing of Why.

THE ENGINES: We make you; we make you!

THE SEA: But why? (*The Engines pay no attention whatsoever.*)

(The Water under the Ship finds itself suddenly sucked swiftly up through a pipe; it encounters an immense mass of cinders and ashes and spouts forward carrying them with it; the Water and the Ashes are ejected in a filthy stream from the side of the Ship. The downward arc of water flies through the air in unspeakable indignation till abruptly it re-encounters the Sea, and the whole is absorbed and in a moment is drowned into forgetfulness of this event. Similarly the Air is suddenly seized upon and dragged downwards, too astonished so much as to protest, and cannonaded down through a ventilating-shaft into the Stoke-Hole, where it instantly gets full of grit and black dust, of which it drops as much as it can before being whirled up again and vanishing who knows whither, filthied at first, but almost immediately cleansed, like the Water, in its own element.)

The Sea with inarticulate rage tries to beat back the Surf driving into it from the Ship.)

THE WAVES AND THEIR SPRAY: What are you at? This is not your way! Do not come this way. You are attacking us. . . Surf! What can you mean by it? You are our self! You must not attack us.

THE SHIP'S SURF: I cannot help it. I don't mean to attack you. How can I help it? I am driven.

THE SEA'S SPRAY (*breaking into innumerable tears*): Surf, you are stifling me! Surf, do not run over me like that!

THE SHIP'S SURF (*heaving itself outward more obstinately and violently than ever.*) I tell you I can't help it. Get out of my way. If I drown you, it isn't my fault.

THE WAVES: Oh, it isn't, isn't it? You *would*, would you? Take that, then! (*The outward-rushing surge has reached the point where the Wave can heave itself up and submerge it.*)

THE SHIP'S SURF (*hissing as it expires*): Surf of the Sea, you slay me, you sink me! I was—It wasn't my fault. . .

(The Surf is submerged, and the Waves clap themselves flat and hard against the Ship's sides, but in a moment, new Surf is thrown outwards, and the Waves lie backwards, swim away, and begin their assault once more, just as uselessly.)

THE SEA (*entering into gigantic communion with the Air*): Air! When you weigh heavily upon me all the day and the night, that is not conflict! Even when you stir me into waves, I am not suffering!

THE AIR: Sea, you are cruelly torn by the Ship, and I am bruised and beaten away—Sea, when you fling your Spray into my kingdom, I am not invaded.

(They understand obscurely that there was the Day when for the first time the Wind of God went rushing upon the Abyss, and the barren waters stirred, and *that* began which went beyond them, of which they could have no consciousness, and yet, it was seen that it was good. The Air, stooping upon the Sea, plunges strongly and gently into it, and a myriad tiny bubbles swirl intricately in all directions. The Sea, aspiring upwards, sends its uncountable drops, invisible from the outset, into the Air, and the Air absorbs them and sweetens itself and mends the tatters that the Ship has made and passes onwards in vast tides, though whence and whither, you do not see.

Angels, understanding both the Sea and the Air in their un-stirring thought, offer their Praise in voices indistinguishable from the Voice of Many Waters:

O Lord of every Sea,

To Thee the floods, to Thee

The unthinking thunder of their voices raise:

What though the waves retract

Their showering cataract—

Lord, was not all of this their due appointed Praise?

Thou that dost guide the gale,  
 Nor shall Thy tempest fail  
 All inarticulate to chant Thy Name.  
 The tattered, twisted Air  
 Itself exhales Thy Prayer—  
 The sightless undulant Air reverting whence it came.  
 O Love, that hast no end—  
 O Dove divine, descend;  
 Turn into one great Font this barren Flood!  
 Thy gift of Life re-give;  
 Let that which died, re-live;  
 Warm upon Nature's heart, O fostering Spirit, brood!

The interior of the Ship is also understood by the Angels. Our eyes would have seen many hundreds of men and women fast asleep; a few men moving to and fro with eyelids red from sleeplessness and with tired lines round their lips; and the men working in the engine-room and the stoke-hole. All these are being understood by the Angels.

(The Stoke-Hole. You are standing at one end of a narrow passage about 7 ft. wide running right across the Ship. Down one side, the circular mouths of 10 furnaces. In the middle, L., the passage, about 18 ins. wide, through which you go to the perpendicular iron ladders reaching up towards the air. R., another passage going into the other half of the Hole. A tangle of tubes, supports and machinery, all metal, is visible half-way up to the roof, but you can see no further because of the coal-dust suspended in the air. One or two dim electric lights: half the furnaces are shut; from the rest, at the Back, which are open, a violent glare and roar proceeds, striking across the passage. At these, three men work incessantly. They are dressed in thin vests, wringing wet with sweat, which also streams in large drops down their faces and arms; they wear thick trousers and heavy boots. They have a rag of waste twisted round their middle. Some use caps with transparent green peaks, against the ferocious glare. They are not heavily muscular, but wiry; no spare flesh at all. Their faces scowl with concentration as they heave up the burning coal with "slices," steel bars 12 ft. long, or rake the fires so as to get rid of cinders. Instruments show upon dials the pressure of the steam. Another, a lad, 17 years old, incessantly wheels in barrow-loads of coal from a chamber, of which there are two, opening off the passage at either end; in these chambers you can be aware of the curving side of the ship on your left, and towering cliff-faces of coal in front and to your right. The wall, whether of steel or of coal, vanishes almost at once in the black powder that rises all the time: high up, a patch of luminous haze indicates that a lamp is burning there, but you only guess it. When the boy has brought his

barrow in, he tilts the coal out, and smashes up the larger lumps with an enormous hammer. His features remain fixed in a positive grimace of concentration and with the effort needed to swing the hammer. The floor is heaped, at the moment, with piles of fresh coal, of scaldingly hot cinders, and black dust. You could not touch the iron floor with your feet bare. Torrents of air plunge down through ventilation-shafts, and seem icy by contrast: but you would say they crash down too violently, and spout back into the shafts or lose themselves in fierce eddies, lashing the dust into desperation, but leaving the Stoke-Hole in vertical layers of scorching heat and shivering cold. Two men are leaning back while their furnaces are shut; they have put the rags of waste round their necks and chew the ends of them, sweat-soddened and dust-caked as they are, for, you must chew something, else your mouth becomes too rigid with the coal-dust in it. Fortunately you can digest coal-dust. They also have fragments of cigarettes, soaked brown with sweat, which they light from burning cinders and puff at once or twice.)

JACK: You goin' ashore at Port Cheviot?

JIM: Cer'nly I'm going ashore. Ain't we layin' up for three days? Cer'nly I'm going.

JACK: Got a regular little home there?

JIM: Ah. Believe me. An' not a penny passed this side nor that.

JACK: Change from this dog's life.

JIM: Like hell it is! Dog's life? 'Tain't so human a life as a dog's.

JACK: Reckon it might be worse. I'd choose the Hole every time against the stewards.

JIM: Call us the dregs, they do. If we're dregs, they're the scum.

JACK: Ah. Crawling on their bellies for the tips. We don't get no tips.

JIM: See them two women what come down personally conducted, to see the 'orrid stokers? They didn't offer no tips. Not as I'd accept it off of 'em. I ain't no exhibit. I'm a man, when all's said.

JACK: Huh! course you'd accept of it. Reg'lar one or not, you don't want to be takin' all the time and giving naught. That ain't no man's game, that.

JIM: Bin a machine down here so long I forgotten how to be a man.

(Jack shivers violently; in a moment his teeth chatter. He moves out of the current of air and goes close up against the furnace-door.)

JIM: Got a touch of malaria comin' on again?

JACK: Something cruel.

JIM: Sit down 'ere. It's about time to do them fires. I'll do yourn.

JACK (*crouching down in the coal*): Well, I won't say no, Jim. You don't want me to thank you, Jim.

JIM: Better see the doc. to-morrow, mate.

JACK: I won't see no doc. Might make me go sick. I ain't going sick; nor I won't have no one working 6 hour watches instead of 4 on my account.

JIM: Ah! They wouldn't mind.

JACK: I won't 'ave it. Bin too much o' that already. Cruel on the 'ands. Look at young Joe what had festering hands last week and had to lay up—four days, weren't it? And us havin' to work a 6 hour lay. We'd be doin' it still, if it weren't for him workin' again already with them gloves on.

JIM: Cer'nly he has pluck. But he didn't ought to wear no gloves. 'E can't sweat proper; leastways the sweat don't work out proper through them gloves. Start festering again, he will. Ah—look over there. . .

(A blazing piece of coal has flown out and set fire to the trousers of a man working at the far end. He does not notice it at first because the thick cloth, overlapping the boot, just smoulders. Then the flame shoots up and licks his leg. Jim runs over and crushes it out in his hands. He returns.)

JIM: Pity it wasn't his arms. Then 'e'd take no harm. Sweat the burn out. But workin' with a burn beneath them breeches . . . Can you wonder? *Can you wonder?*

JACK: Can I wonder what?

JIM: Why, when we gets ashore! Anything to forget. You see. Young Perce'll be on the game, this time, same as us. Get drunk, too, most like; miss his ship and be sacked the Company.

JACK: I'll keep him along with me. I ain't got nothing reg'lar.

JIM: Ah! don't you sacrifice yerself. Got to learn, ain't he? Same as the rest of us.

JACK: I caught him yesterday, the tears trickling down his face.

JIM: That weren't no tears. Sweat, most like. Take him, and you learn him to be a man.

JACK: He'd be sorry after.

JIM: Gar! there ain't no room for being sorry in this life.

(A shovel is rattled violently on the iron of a furnace. JACK and JIM go to see to their own fires. After a while, JACK lies

down on the hot floor. The two unoccupied men take him under the armpits and hoist him up the ladder.)

THE MEN: Best get him up quick.—Chuck hisself overboard, if 'e ain't careful, like pore old Sammy last trip.—Ah, the sharks got *him* all right, long before we'd put about even. Curse this 'ere Red Sea. We'd all be overboard if it wasn't for the rum.

(In the further coal-chamber, two figures of men can dimly be descried; one kneeling.)

THE KNEELING MAN: It's s'long ago I don't rightly know how to begin. . . No; not since I left school. . . Couldn't you ask me the questions and me answer? . . I forget the I confess: could you say it in my name, like? . . .

THE PRAYER OF EARTH: Misereatur tui Omnipotens Deus . . . Dominus Noster Iesus Christus te absolvat . . deinde ego te absolvo . . Passio Domini nostri . . merita Beatae Mariae . . quidquid boni feceris et mali sustinueris . .

THE HEART OF HEAVEN: Again, again, my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoices. I, ever Thy hand-maiden; he, once more Thy servant. Once more he, in his generation, will name me Blessed. . . My new-born son—to me you have "offered yourself without any reserve," and have consecrated to me this night your eyes, your ears, your mouth, your heart and your whole person. Since you belong to me, my dear, dear son, I will treat you indeed as my own and my possession.

(Her voice turns Godwards, praying during that "now" which shall last for him until the hour of his death.)

Who is like to God? Satan, you who said you would not serve, go back from this man, God's servant, for in the day of tremendous Judgment I will defend him.

(And he, too, turns to God.)

Behold again the Death of the eternal Lamb of God, having conquered death in the enduring duel. O Thou that art the soul's one Bridegroom, I, Thy friend, am standing at Thy side to share in this night's joy!

With my eternal Keys, I have this night shut hell and opened heaven. Ah, to whom else should he have gone, Thou whom I love, save Thee? Thou hast the words of everlasting life, and this night hast spoken them.

My son! My joy, my crown! What to pray, or how, you had forgotten; but all the while the Spirit, given to you in baptism, was joining hands with the weakness of your soul, and praying in you with prayers that were beyond all

words: and He, who scrutinized the innermost of your heart, understood what was the meaning of His Spirit. . . Now to the Father of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, be gratitude; and, for His servants, grace, and peace in the most Holy Ghost.

(In heaven, the coal-hole is seen to be radiant with the Light that had appeared too inaccessible. The Ship proceeds on its way, glowing with gentle glory. The Waves reflect it; and the Winds are in tune with it.)

Ah, for a space, your hymn  
Hush, and withhold the triumph-song of heaven!  
Angels, Archangels, Thrones, and Seraphim,  
Adore in secret, silently adore—  
To this one human heart such grace was given  
That hardly earth needs heaven any more  
To amplify its hymn!

Suffer our souls to kneel  
Deep lost within their ecstasy and dark;  
Un-needing now to speak or think or feel,  
Un-noticing if even your voices cease:  
The Dove returns, returns into its Ark—  
A man by God is gathered into peace—  
Ah, heaven! I pray you, kneel.

THE KNEELING MAN (*standing up*): Gee, I feel better now! Gee, I am that happy. I'd thought, never again. I'd never manage it no more! (*He brushes the back of his hand across his eyes.*) This ain't sweat! No, and if anyone had told me I'd have tears of joy in my eyes to-night, I'd have mocked him. But gee! Anyways it can't make me look more of a zebbera than what I did. Well, I've said me Our Father and 'Ail Mary right here agin the bunker; an' now I've got to pray for me mates, 'ave I? What price them laughing if they knew?

(He returns to his fire; and as his rake or his slice swing rhythmically in and out, the names "Jack," "Jim," "Joe," "Sammy," "Perce," rise like globes of quiet fire through the cloudy splendour amid which the transfigured ship proceeds.

At 4 o'clock, the men go up and cross the well-deck to their peak forrard. Twelve of them sleep there, bunks one above the other, not too uncomfortably, though nothing is at right angles, owing to the slope of the ship's side inwards, and its curve towards the bows, and though, when the sea is high, it spouts through the portholes and soaks their bedding. There is room, therefore, for bunks arranged in about a third of a circle; a plank runs lengthways, on which they eat and beneath which they stow their boxes; and a narrow gangway goes behind two more bunks. The supports of the roof are hung with birdcages.



Most of the 12-4 watch comes into this particular room; a couple of men have left their bunks to go down to the 4-8 watch; Jack is lying under a heap of sacks, clothes and anything his companions could put hands on. The men who have been down the hole at once drink mugs of tea that had been left there in a kettle. Then they strip for washing, wrap a towel round them, and prepare to go to the bath-house. They notice that JOCK, MICK and TEDDIE have drunk no tea.)

JIM: What's come to you three?

(They look at one another and say nothing.)

JIM: What's come to you? Ain't you drinking no tea?

JOCK: Say, Jim, could you see that the pails are kept on the far side of the bath-house so's the water'll run straight out without floodin' the whole place?

JIM: Say, Jock, what 'n hell are you talking of? What's this about them pails?

JOCK: Me and some of me mates is Roman Catholic and we're holdin' Mass in the wash-house when we've done cleaning, and we want to keep the near side dry for to have it on.

JIM: Gawd! Religion in the wash-house? You preaching the sermon, Jock? Come 'ere, Jock. What you talkin' about? You ain't never going to hold a service in the middle o' the night in the wash-house?

JOCK: Ye—eh. And we ain't having no argument about it, but we ask civil if you'd keep the near side dry. (*He goes out.*)

JIM (to BERT): What's come to 'im? Who did ever hear the like. No one ain't said nothing to *me* about them going to hold no service.

BERT: Well, you'd hardly expect of 'em to make a song about it right here in the peak. Then the Catholics is secret men. But we all seen the priest comin' down and talkin' civil to the lot of us, and I reckon he's give 'em the order.

JIM: I don't hold with no such thing. If religion ain't free on this blooming ship, what is? Stopping us poor devils having their tea and getting 'em out for to say psalms when due for their sleep.

(Bert shrugs his shoulders and gets on to his bunk. You do not get *in*. There isn't an "in.")

BERT: Well, nobody's stopped you having *your* tea, s'far's I can see; and no one ain't stopping me having me own sleep. (*He rolls over. Jim sits staring.*)

(After a while, the men return from the bath-room, quite clean save for the black rims round their eyelids which take days to remove. They dress hastily and return to the bath-house.)

The ship has a slight list, and all the water has run away leaving the bath-house dry. An altar has been put up against the wall at the extreme end of the ship. The electric light is dim; but men huddle beneath it to read from their Seamen's Prayer Books. It is August 6th; and the priest says the Mass of the Transfiguration by the light of his two candles)

*Introibo ad Altare Dei . . .*

THE AIR: Thy radiant Light, O Lord, has shone to the end of the earth. . .

THE SEA: The solid earth has stirred—the earth is trembling. . .

THE THOUGHTS IN THE HEARTS OF THE MEN: How dear is Thy dwelling, O Lord, Lord of my strength. . . My heart was sick for this. . . My soul, without knowing it, was fainting for this Thy royal room. . .

THE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT FROM HEAVEN, THAT CONTINUES VOICELESSLY THROUGHOUT THE MASS: O My Son, these, too, are My beloved sons, with whom I am well-pleased.

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY, FLOCKING INVISIBLY ROUND THE SIDES OF THE SHIP: Lift up your gates for us, too, O you princes! Open to us, too, the immortal doors, that with the King of Glory we may enter as His retinue. Pray for us, you favoured among His people, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

(At the Offertory, the iron floor of the bath-house becomes golden, and is the Paten upon which the Grains are placed that are about to be kneaded into one Bread of God. The sloping walls curve up into the Chalice, within which will be made the Wine that gladdens the lips of God.)

O God, who hast set the work of these Thy servants amid the fires of this Ship, grant that their souls may never be scorched by the fires of sin or hell.

God, who by the wood of Thy Son's Cross and its iron nails and the Red Sea of His Passion, dost save Thy children from their enemies, carry these men safely to the harbour of their desire.

O Lord, who camest walking over the waters amid the storm, so that they took Thee for a phantom, come in the manifold Reality of Thy Presence into this place, into these hearts, taking away fear, granting peace, establishing them in hope!

The Sanctus Bell rings. The SHIP, as though aware of its majestic destiny now imminent, goes forward evenly into the night, and upon it Heaven concentrates its watch. The Universe holds its breath when the Warning Bell is rung; there is a globe of silence within the creaking bulkheads and the frothing of

the water against the walls; and the men are within the silence. The Consecration. Hereupon the whole Ship is an Altar, with its two candles illuminating the Sea beyond any imaginable horizon, and shining till they mingle with the stars, those Stars, I mean, whose light shall have no setting. Instead of the little Crucifix, Christ stands at the head of the Ship that is now at the world's head. The Sea, the Winds, the Ship and its Engines, the Men, the Mass, proceed magnificently towards God, to whom at that moment there is being given, through Christ, along with Christ, in Christ, all Honour and Glory.

The Glory, that had gone widening out from the Ship, a streaming Glory embracing the whole world and eternally spreading forth through Heaven, has now altered its current and is setting back towards man. *Domine, non sum dignus*. The men get up from their huddle under the lamp, kneel once more in a row, and receive Holy Communion. *O res mirabilis—manducat Dominum—pauper, servus, et humilis*. Very soon after that they return silently to their peak. For a while, the Sea itself is hushed, and accepts from heaven upon its heart the brooding of God's Dove.

Now quenched the Candles. Now the Cloud that shone

Into its own Heart re-absorbs its splendour.

Now fold I, Lord, Thy linen; and upon

Thy Mount is silence. I to Thee surrender

These hearts that seemed, just then, my very own—

Take them, O Thou remaining here alone.

Now human sleep descends on human thought.

Serene above your heads resumes his station

Each Guardian Angel. You, to whom Christ has brought

In one brief hour all life's transfiguration—

I kiss your feet; upon my eyes I place

Your hands that He anointed with such grace.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

## LIVING WITHOUT EATING

### II

THE case of poor little Sarah Jacob recounted in our last number does not by any means stand alone.

There have been many child fasters, and though most of them lived two or three centuries ago, some were observed in circumstances which make it difficult to maintain that imposture was always present. One of the most curious examples is that of Jean Godeau, of Vauxprofonde near Sens, in France. He was born towards the end of 1602, or early in 1603, and died of pneumonia on April 16, 1616. The case attracted a good deal of attention because it was taken up by M. Siméon de Provanchères, who enjoyed the title of "médecin du roy," and was in touch with many distinguished people. An account of de Provanchères, as an eminent physician and author, will be found in Michaud's "Biographie Universelle." When the child died, the doctor published a history of the case which went through four editions in a few months. There had evidently been much talk previously about the fasting boy, for he was taken to be shown to the Duke de Montmorenci, Constable of France, sometime before the latter's death in 1614, and shortly afterwards he and his father were similarly summoned to satisfy the curiosity of the Duke de Vendôme (son of Henri IV.) and a large company. He had also been at Fontainebleau, and had there been inspected by the Queen Mother (Marie de Medici) and her little son, Louis XIII. I do not know that this notoriety affords any guarantee against imposture, but it must have had the effect of making those amongst whom he lived more on the alert to detect any consumption of food by stealth, and de Provanchères must have realized that, if fraud were discovered, his own reputation in endorsing the marvel as genuine was bound to suffer considerably.

In the little treatise which contains this history<sup>1</sup> there is much more space devoted to theorizing, in accord with obsolete medical axioms, than is given to the evidence of facts. At the same time the author clearly manifests his

<sup>1</sup> "Histoire de l'Inappetence d'un Enfant de Vauxprofonde prez Sens, de son desistement de boire et de manger quatre ans onze mois, et de sa Mort." Par Siméon de Provanchères, Quatriesme Edition, Sens, 1616.

conviction that the boy *had* lived for more than four years without eating or drinking, and also his sense that this was an astounding marvel which could not be credited without full investigation. He had the child to stay with him in his house at Sens on five different occasions, and during these visits nothing suspicious was discovered; but the time there spent seems to have been relatively brief, and on the only visit of which any detail is given his stay lasted but five days. Jean's behaviour seems at first to have been shy and rather uncouth, but the doctor treated him tactfully, and before long the lad felt at home in his new surroundings. It is stated that he resented the very sight of food and it made him irritable to be questioned about his not eating.<sup>1</sup> There were also curious features in the case. No signs of emaciation were discernible, and, though not very intelligent, Jean was physically active and was interested in any strange things which were shown him. M. de Provanchères avers that for more than four years there were no excreta of any sort, but one wonders how he could make sure of this. On the other hand during this period the boy fell ill, and for fifteen months was confined to bed, but at the end of this interval, on Low Sunday, 1614, he suddenly got up without the help of anyone. There was no one in the house at the time but his little sister, and she ran off in a fright to tell her mother who was visiting a neighbour. After that date, however, Jean went about freely and had no relapse. We are even told that in his father's company he made his way from Vauprofondé to Joigny, a distance of "trois petites lieues"—shall we say six or seven miles?—though he was not carried by his father, and had no beast to ride upon.

Little Jean Godeau died, as said above, in April, 1616. Just three weeks before, he had been brought by his father to see M. de Provanchères. Though he had grown very little, he was remarkably full of life and vigour, and went about everywhere. On his return home he seems to have caught a chill. In the burning fever of his last illness he would put his lips to a vessel of water to cool them but he drank nothing. M. de Provanchères was unfortunately prevented from being present at the autopsy which was per-

<sup>1</sup> In his narrative de Provanchères describes him as "ayant tous aliments en tel horreur qu' à la seule parole de manger il se mettoit en cholère et divertissoit sa veuë de dessus ceux qui en parloient." (fol. 216). This might, of course, have been a bit of acting, but the obstruction discovered at the post mortem supplies a very natural explanation, especially when we remember that the child was gauche and rather stupid.

formed after the boy's death. He tells us, however, that it was made by very skilful surgeons, and he quotes in some detail the results communicated to him. According to this account the surgeons discovered that the upper portion of the œsophagus was constricted in such a way that nothing could pass into the stomach. Strangely enough, they declared that the other extremity of the alimentary canal was similarly compressed so that no waste products of digestion could have found an outlet.<sup>1</sup> Even supposing that these observations were quite accurate, we do not, of course, know how long this condition of things had been in existence, but it can hardly have supervened suddenly at the very end, and its presence would fully account for the child's inability to take any form of nourishment. We have also to remember that however backward medical science may have been in the seventeenth century so far as regards the treatment of disease and the theories formulated, the surgeons of that day were very good anatomists. Subjects for dissection were easily obtainable, and the very fact that the pathology of the period was so unsatisfactory would have led students to pay more attention to that form of experimental investigation in which there was really something exact to be learned. In any case death does not seem to have come to little Jean Godeau from lack of food, but from a form of inflammation which in our own day still proves fatal to thousands and thousands of well-nourished people in the very prime of life. It may be interesting to print in a footnote the Latin inscription which Dr. de Provanchères composed for a monument, set up apparently at his own expense in the city of Sens.<sup>2</sup> One thing seems

<sup>1</sup> "On considérera fort particulièrement l'œsophage, qui est le passage lequel de la bouche porte l'aliment dedans l'estomach. Il estoit reserré et comprimé vers la partie supérieure de l'estendue de quatre poinctes de doigtz (le reste du canal lasche et ouvert); ainsi rien ne pouvoit se transmettre par cette voie dans l'estomach." The bowel was also obstructed, "parce que l'intestin en cest endroit estoit fort pressé et sans apparence de division, aiant autant d'estendue en son reserrement que celle qu'avons représentée cy dessus à l'entrée de l'œsophage." ff. 34a—35a.

<sup>2</sup> Joannes Godeau, e Valle Profunda prope Senonas, in agro villæ regis novæ, infra decimum ætatis suæ annum, abolito suctionis sensu, quem natura coniecit in os ventriculi, appetere et cibo potuque uti desiit, alimenti sola recordatione perhorrescens. Ex eo tempore nihil a vesica, nihil ab alvo excretum. Sic vixit innocens prodigiose annos quatuor menses undecim, stante (quod mirum est) citra ullam extenuationem omnium partium compage et structura. Obiit inflammatione pulmonum, mensis Aprilis die 16, anni 1616,

Imposuit vitæ leges natura, nec ullum

Absque cibo et potu vivere posse tulit.

His sine, qui vita Senonum frueretur in agro,

Godius unus adest, res nova, mira magis.

Fit via nulla cibo, excernendis nulla relicta,

Causa rei tantæ quæ datur, ipse Deus.

certain, both from this inscription and from the whole narrative, viz., that for nearly five years before his death the child was universally believed to take neither food nor drink. The physical compression of the œsophagus which caused this disinclination must already have begun to make itself felt, and even if he did obtain some nourishment by stealth the quantity must have been very small. Nevertheless, just as in the case of little Sarah Jacob, there were no signs of emaciation. M. de Provanchères seems rightly to lay stress upon this fact as something very surprising. Is it possible that in the course of a century or two the views now prevalent with regard to nutrition and metabolism may be revolutionized by discoveries as far-reaching in their consequences as those of Sir J. J. Thomson, Rutherford, Franck, and Hertz concerning the constitution of matter?

As already stated, examples of children alleged to have lived without eating or drinking are numerous, and in some of these cases there seems to have been really effective observation and control. Of Apollonia Schreier and Margaret Seyfrit an account was given in *THE MONTH* (March, 1921, pp. 243—244), and I have also referred in the same article to the memorial drawn up in the eighteenth century at the instance of Prosper Lambertini (Pope Benedict XIV.) by the medical faculty of Bologna, in which, while fully recognizing the likelihood of imposture, credulity and mal-observation, the doctors consulted still uphold the genuineness of certain well-attested examples of long abstinence from food though no supernatural causation could be reasonably supposed. This memorial, which Benedict XIV. printed as an appendix to his great work on Beatification and Canonization, cannot be regarded as wholly out of date, for Dr. A. Corradi, the editor of an authoritative scientific periodical of Italy, the "*Annali Universali di Medicina*," described it in 1880 as "*bella e severa dissertazione*." It would, however, be superfluous to cite other instances such as that of Maria Jehnfels (eighteenth century) or of Catherine of Schmidweiler (sixteenth century), etc., for no fuller information is accessible to me than in the case of those previously dealt with.

Let us rather turn to an example nearer home, though this is not concerned with a child, but with a very old woman. In the book, "*Tours in Wales*," of the famous Welsh antiquary, Thomas Pennant, the author, speaking of Barmouth in Merionethshire, describes how, on July 18th, 1770, he rowed



up the estuary to land near Dolgelly, and at a farm called Taddyn Bach,

found the object of my excursion, Mary Thomas, who was boarded here, and kept with great humanity and neatness. She was of the age of forty-seven, of good countenance, very pale, thin, but not so much emaciated as might have been expected, . . . her eyes weak, her voice low. She is deprived of the use of her lower extremities, and quite bed ridden; her pulse rather strong, her intellects clear and sensible. On examining her, she informed me that at the age of seven, she had some eruptions like the measles, which grew confluent and universal. . . After this she was seized, at spring and fall, with swellings and inflammations, during which time she was confined to her bed; but in the intervals could walk about, and once went to Holywell, in hopes of cure.

When she was about 27 years of age she was attacked with the same complaint, but in a more violent manner, and during two years and a half remained insensible, and took no manner of nourishment, notwithstanding her friends forced open her mouth with a spoon, to get something down; but the moment the spoon was taken away, her teeth met and closed with vast snapping and violence; during that time she flung up great quantities of blood.

She well remembers the return of her senses, and her knowledge of everybody about her. She thought that she had slept but a night, and asked her mother whether she had given her anything the day before, for she found herself very hungry. Meat was brought to her; but so far from being able to take anything solid, she could scarcely swallow a spoonful of thin whey. From this time, she continued seven years and a half without any food or liquid, excepting sufficient of the latter to moisten her lips. At the end of this period, she again fancied herself hungry and desired an egg, of which she got down the quantity of a nut-kernel. About this time she requested to receive the sacrament; which she did by having a crumb of bread steeped in the wine. She now takes for her daily subsistence a bit of bread weighing about two penny-weights seven grains, and drinks a

wine-glass of water; sometimes a spoonful of wine, but frequently abstaining whole days from food and liquids. She sleeps very indifferently: the ordinary functions of nature are very small and very seldom performed. Her attendant told me that her disposition of mind was mild, her temper even; that she was very religious and very fervent in prayer.<sup>1</sup>

The next mention I have been able to find of Mary Thomas belongs to a period thirty-two years later, and occurs in the account of a visit paid to her by an artist of that date, James Ward, a famous animal painter, who was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1807 and R.A. in 1811. He seems to have been making a tour in Wales, and after reading Pennant's book found that the fasting woman there spoken of was still living. With some difficulty he discovered her whereabouts, but in his short interview with her he was considerably hampered by his ignorance of Welsh and by the difficulty of finding a satisfactory interpreter. Still, he satisfied his curiosity, and in the account he subsequently published he wrote as follows:

At this time Mary Thomas was of the age of seventy-seven [*sic*]: tranquil, collected and resigned. Through the medium of my interpreter, she freely answered the following questions.

"Do you abstain from every kind of food?"

"Yes."

"Are there any evacuations?"

"None at all."

"Do you ever attempt to swallow?"

"Yes, but my stomach throws up whatever I take immediately."

"Have you much pain?"

"For two years I have never been without it, but I am now free from it."

She put my hand upon her chest, which produced the sensation of its being placed on a skeleton. Her legs and thighs were quite useless and doubled under her, her arms were drawn up towards her shoulders at an

<sup>1</sup> T. Pennant, "Tours in Wales," edition of 1883, Vol. II., pp. 254-256. The book was first published in 1778-1781.

acute angle . . . I was informed that during a period of ten years . . . she had been in a state of torpor, unconscious of her own existence, and that during this long interval she took no sustenance of any kind.

Mr. Ward adds further:

At this time I met at Sir Robert Vaughan's the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, who informed me that he had often administered the sacrament to Mary Thomas, and that on these occasions he always found her religious feelings so exalted, and her mind so uncommon as to raise his admiration and respect. As far, indeed, as I could judge, piety and resignation were the prominent features of her character.<sup>1</sup>

How far we can place confidence in these statements is a matter very difficult to determine. On the one hand it is plain that when we are dealing with a bed-ridden woman in this condition, those who tended her must have known whether she was supplied with nourishment or not, and whether there was anything which gave proof of the passage of food. On the other hand we are bound to suspect a tendency to say that an invalid who took very little, ate nothing at all. Mr. James Ward remained sufficiently long with the sufferer to complete a crayon sketch of her which is reproduced in the thin folio volume he subsequently published.<sup>2</sup> It was probably this personal contact with Mary Thomas which led James Ward a year or two later to take much interest in the case of another alleged fasting woman, Ann Moore, of Tutbury, to whom reference was made in my articles above mentioned.<sup>3</sup> Like many others among his contemporaries, the Royal Academician, influenced, no doubt, by his previous experience, made no difficulty about accepting this impostor's claim to have lived without nourishment. But before the final exposure of her fraud, he managed in the year 1807 to pay Mary Thomas a second visit. Taking a young friend with him on this occasion, he tells us that at Dolgelly they had considerable difficulty in finding any-

<sup>1</sup> Ward, "An Account of Mary Thomas, etc.", p. 2.

<sup>2</sup> The full title of this is "An Account of Mary Thomas of Tanyralt in Merionethshire and of Ann Moore of Tutbury," by James Ward, R.A., London, 1813. The book is dedicated to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, who was a great patron of science, as well as a collector of curios.

<sup>3</sup> See *THE MONTH*, March, 1921, p. 245.

one to show them the way to her cottage. Eventually they came across an old man who acted as a guide to visitors who came to climb Cader Idris. He brought them to the house, and there he saw Mary Thomas once more, "little changed, though she was lying in a new position. She declared she could not last long. On asking her if she did not wish to be released by death, she replied with calmness: 'When it is the will of God'." Mr. Ward then continues:

The persons about her, who were not the same under whose care she was at my former visit in 1802, could give me but little satisfactory information respecting her early history. I pressed upon them the circumstances formerly stated to me, all of which they corroborated, particularly the ten years of torpidity, and they were convinced that she received no sustenance during that period. They admitted, however, that she did now make an effort, occasionally, to swallow a bit of bread, and drink a little water. But the quantity taken did not exceed one ounce of bread in a fortnight, and one wine-glass of water, taken at intervals in minute quantities; and even this did not remain in her stomach. Every effort to swallow produced sickness, and whatever she took into her stomach, was *generally* rejected immediately, or *never* remained more than ten minutes.

Mr. Ward also came across an old man, Lewis Evans, who had known Mary Thomas for fifty years. He declared that the circumstances above related were strictly true, explaining, however, that "she had been very long in the state in which I saw her, but that custom had so blinded curiosity that she was little regarded by the neighbours."

The book written by James Ward was on the point of appearing, when news came to him of the rigorous test to which the pretensions of Ann Moore had been subjected. Under close observation she broke down on the ninth day of this surveillance, and made a clean breast of the whole imposture, attempting no disguise as to the money she had gained by it. Mr. Ward, who had coupled her case with that of Mary Thomas, was plainly much disconcerted, and before his book was actually put in circulation he added the following note:

The case of Mary Thomas which forms the first part of the preceding pages, is, by the confession of Ann

Moore, rendered at least doubtful; and, I am sorry to add, that a full and satisfactory development of the particulars, is prevented by her [Mary Thomas's] death, which occurred some time in the last year. But it does not follow as a natural consequence, that Mary Thomas must be an impostor, because the Tutbury woman has confessed her guilt. The whole tenor of her conduct, with the absence of obvious motives for the practice of fraud, do yet give a degree of authenticity to her history. Having, however, been so far deceived by the plausibility and earnest asseveration of Ann Moore, I feel that the evidence in favour of Mary Thomas has been much weakened.

The cases were, in fact, very different. Ann Moore was a woman of loose character, who had a confederate in the daughter who was living with her, and who made a good deal of money by the fraud she practised. Nothing of the sort can be affirmed of Mary Thomas. She dwelt too far away from any centre of population to attract a notable stream of visitors. There is not the slightest hint of any pecuniary advantage which accrued to her, and her age and infirmity precluded her from taking an active part in any trickery. Her story in some respects presents a remarkable parallel to those of Mollie Fancher and Mrs. Croad, which have recently been discussed in these pages. The reader may remember that both these afflicted neurasthenics, while remaining prisoners in bed for many years, are stated by those in attendance to have eaten practically nothing. When writing of Mollie Fancher, I had not come across the booklet of Dr. W. A. Hammond, "Fasting Girls; their Physiology and Pathology" (New York, 1879), in which the writer, described as "Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, and in the University of Vermont, etc.", set out to crush and extinguish by force of ridicule the contention advanced in certain newspapers that Miss Mollie Fancher lived without taking food. This distinguished physician, the author of many works on mental disorders, had devoted a chapter in a previous book of his<sup>1</sup> to the subject of "Fasting Girls." So when the strange case of Mollie Fancher came to be exploited by certain New York journals,

<sup>1</sup> The volume in question is entitled "Spiritualism and Allied Causes and Conditions of Moral Derangement," New York, Putnam, 1876.

Dr. Hammond at once plunged into the fray, and in the superior tone of the scientific expert—this was, it will be remembered, the age of Huxley and Tyndall—denounced the absurdity of those who believed that anyone could live without eating. In his attack upon Drs. Speir, Ormiston, and the others who proclaimed their belief that Miss Fancher actually took no food or next to nothing, he has occasion to cite the reporter of the *Sun*, a New York journal which had obtained an interview with the physicians in question. Through this channel we learn that this newspaper had recorded on November 24, 1878, the opinions expressed by Dr. R. Fleet Speir and by Dr. Ormiston in the following terms. To Dr. Speir the question was put:

"Is it true that she has not partaken of food in all these thirteen years?"

"No, I cannot say that she has not; I have not been constantly with her for thirteen years; she may have taken food in my absence. Her friends have used every device to make her take nourishment. Food has been forced upon her, and artificial means have been resorted to that it might be carried to her stomach. Nevertheless the amount in the aggregate must have been very small in all these years."

"You have considered the case of such extraordinary importance as to take many physicians to see it?"

"I have, and it has excited very much of attention. I have letters about it from far and near, and the medical journals have asked for information."

Similarly we learn from the same journal that Dr. Ormiston, who had been one of Miss Fancher's physicians from the first, and who had visited her in all the phases of her long illness—

said that he was convinced that there could be no deception. He could find no motive for it, and he did not believe she had attempted it. As to her not partaking of food, he had, with Dr. Speir, made tests that satisfied him that she ate no more than she pretended to, and in the aggregate it had not, in all these years, amounted to more than the quantity eaten at a single meal by a healthy man.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> W. A. Hammond, "Fasting Girls, their Physiology and Pathology," Putnam, New York, 1879, pp. 53—54.

When we remember that in spite of Dr. Hammond's tirade the two physicians here interviewed stood to their guns, and fourteen years later, having remained in attendance upon the case during the intervening period, reaffirmed the same conviction,<sup>1</sup> we can hardly doubt that they were thoroughly in earnest. They had been continuously in contact with the afflicted girl, they knew her character, her helpless condition and the integrity of those who waited upon her. Dr. Hammond had never set eyes upon Miss Fancher and was arguing only from principles which led him to proclaim that Louise Lateau and all the other Catholic mystics who were believed to live without food were either mendacious or self-deluded.

I cannot repeat here the evidence adduced in my articles previously referred to. The cases of Marie Furtner, Janet McLeod, and Josephine Durand are, to my thinking, exceptionally convincing.<sup>2</sup> Even if we allow for some exaggeration, it seems that we are forced to admit that quite a number of people in whose case no miraculous intervention can be supposed, have lived for years upon a pittance of nourishing food which could be measured only by ounces, and upon this evidence we shall be forced to admit the justness of the conclusion of Pope Benedict XIV. that the mere continuation of life, when food and drink are withheld, cannot be safely assumed to be due to supernatural causes.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> See *THE MONTH*, Dec., 1930, pp. 533-534.

<sup>2</sup> See *THE MONTH*, March, 1921, pp. 237-241.



# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

BLESSED ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J., AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IT does not seem to matter much nowadays whether the "Mr. W.H.", to whom Thorpe the publisher dedicated the Shakespearean Sonnets, be taken to be Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, or William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, or any other nobleman. Yet the Sonnets have afforded a starting-point for many an interesting speculation, and whether the good Mr. Thorpe invented his dedication or not, he certainly set a puzzle that invites solution.

No doubt a great deal of ingenuity has already been wasted on this puzzle, and it would be better to accept the sober judgment of those who say that there is no problem at all; that "Mr. W.H." represented either the person who collected the poems for the publisher, or merely the dedicatee of the earlier poems (Henry Wriothesley) with initials reversed; and that the poems themselves were nothing but artistic exercises, essays of the "Venus and Adonis" genre, which the publisher himself arranged in an attempt to create the atmosphere of the story. I think myself that there is a great deal to be said for this opinion, but a lingering doubt persists. In writing the Sonnets Shakespeare probably followed the fashion of his time and used the conventional manner, the conventional figures and the conventional theme. His "fair youth" is probably only another Adonis or Cupid, one of many such portraits that the classical convention of the time demanded; it is but the dramatic genius of his creator that makes him alive. Yet so alive is he that we cannot endure to see him explained away altogether. And "Mr. W.H." still offers a target for conjecture, especially when we find, on exploring the field a little, how many people he might at least have pretended to be.

It may be interesting to mention a few of the Elizabethan "W.H.'s," for in so doing we touch on some interesting points. But the group I have in mind does not belong to that school of polite and profane literature in which the Sonnets were born, and its connection, if it had one, could only be casual and accidental, or controversial. For it is not of the Golden Age of Elizabethan poetry that I am now speaking so much as of the Golden Age of Elizabethan Martyrs.

There was one W.H. who signed "A Dedication of a Fouerefold Meditation by R.S."<sup>1</sup> That was in 1606, and the Blessed Robert

<sup>1</sup> Now known to be the work of Blessed Philip Howard, see C.R.S., Vol. XXI., p. 326.

Southwell had been martyred at Tyburn in 1595. Now Father Southwell dedicated his own beautiful poem, "Saint Peter's Complaint," to one W.S. Whom he meant, we do not know, for he calls him his cousin; but in the dedication he declared war on the classicists, and claimed that religious subjects offered a wider and a fairer field for poetry; he made pointed allusion to Shakespeare,

Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose,

and wrote his poem on St. Peter in the same metre and manner as the "Venus and Adonis."

There is another W.H. more openly known, and that is the Blessed William Harrington, who was martyred at Tyburn in 1594. We do not know what opportunities Shakespeare might have had of meeting such a man. Indeed, we hear much in literature of "The Mermaid" where he drank with Marlowe and Nash and Jonson and the rest, but we hear little enough of the "Red Lion" and the "Blue Boar," though they are known as meeting-places of priests, and stood near enough to Southampton House to be well within Shakespeare's ken.

As for the Blessed William Hartley, who suffered martyrdom at "The Theatre" in 1588, we must believe that Shakespeare knew something of him, then if not before. Father Hartley had been, some years earlier, with Campion at Oxford; no doubt he had travelled through the Shakespeare country. The two might have met and exchanged a word or two, perhaps at that Inn, the "Catherine Wheel" at Oxford, which was a haunt of priests; or anywhere else for that matter, since the youth whose mother was of a known Catholic family and whose father was cited once at least for recusancy, could hardly have missed contact with the priests working in his neighbourhood. Or at Oxford again, he might have known that "Hynde, a priest, whom Mr. Owen of Godstow keepeth continually in his house." One might try to effect an identification here with the "right worshipful, my singular good uncle, Mr. William Hynde" to whom John Hynde dedicated his "Mirrour of Worldly Fame" in 1603.

It is curious to remember, in this connection, that in 1583 one Father Hall was taken in the house of Arden of Warwickshire and with him carried to the Tower. The Ardens were Shakespeare's mother's people, and the Halls were otherwise connected with him; but he was then only nineteen, and his literary life had scarcely yet begun.

Actually this linking of names is more suggestive than evidential. Most of us are convinced of the Catholicity of the poet's mind, whether or not he failed in the profession of it. But the point is that his early work, the Sonnets, the longer poems and the first plays offer no such impression. Where they are not obviously artificial, they suggest that, whatever his upbringing might have

been, the young Shakespeare was an ordinary kind of rebel; that he was at a stage of his development where he was disposed to cavil at "organized religion," to decry miracles, to profess himself anti-clerical, and to accept the standards of his time. No doubt at this period he was influenced by the agnosticism of Marlowe. Certainly the First Part of Henry VI., with its expressed brutality towards the figure of Cardinal Beaufort, and its libellous portrait of St. Joan (which yet comes close enough to history to show that he might have drawn it differently if he chose) suggest this attitude of mind.

We might weave a new story from this little that we know, the story of a young and eager and brilliant rebel, already an object of admiration and solicitude on the part of the priests who knew him. What Father Southwell thought of Shakespeare is apparent in the line we have quoted above. What Shakespeare thought of Father Southwell we do not know, but we know how highly he was esteemed as a poet by Ben Jonson. There is more behind all this than we can prove. Father Southwell's words suggest friendship. His deliberate choice of St. Peter as the subject of a poem put up in opposition to the "Venus and Adonis" suggest a challenge to poetic controversy, a controversy such as the Elizabethan Catholics, with their hidden presses and their courageous pamphlets, were well accustomed to.

However, it was a controversy that could hardly prove dangerous, and Shakespeare's answers, if he made any, must have been always high-spirited and good-natured. If he knew his attackers, he was not one to betray them, though his conversion was not yet. No doubt his graceless portrait of a saint—Jeanne d'Arc—already vindicated met with some remonstrance. Perhaps his picture of "Sir John Falstolfe" in the same play was objected to (in friendship) by Father Southwell, who claimed a knight of that name as his ancestor. The new John Falstaff was richer and more rascally, to keep pace with the humour and daring of his creator. But that perhaps is too fanciful a digression. It serves only to illustrate my contention, that the controversy would be good-humoured, and could have extended beyond the writing of "St. Peter's Complaint," beyond the possible friendship between these two, and been taken up by others.

We might imagine, therefore, that the first seventeen of the Sonnets were a part of this controversy, and were originally elaborated and put together as a protest against the ascetic ideal. Certainly they stand apart from the rest, whether they were conceived apart from them or not. They have a sustained theme; that life and beauty are of short duration, and that there is no immortality save in posterity. This is in direct contradiction to the bulk of the remaining Sonnets, which claim the immortality of the poet's verse to be sufficient, and no doubt were written as

a separate sequence and addressed, imaginatively or otherwise, to somebody else.

If this is fact, which sequence was originally addressed to "Mr. W.H.", if either? My suggestions seem in fact to lead to more confusion on this point, rather than less, and I am reminded of the story of the leprechaun who hid his treasure by tying a red necktie to every other stalk in the field. Perhaps "Mr. W.H." had as many aliases as the priests had, when they travelled on their secret missions; perhaps after all he was only another member of that Harris family, made famous centuries after by Mrs. Gamp. Yet to connect the name of the greatest of Elizabethan poets with names that are of the hidden greatness of Elizabethan Catholic England is not without profit to our understanding of his time.

K. C. MACDONALD.

### THE HIERARCHY IN THE SOUL.

#### I

**I**F (as our Modernists assert) "there must be no imperatives in life," why then should there be Kant's moral imperative? Why self-mastery, if all mastery is tyrannic?

It has become a truism to say (with Bishop Butler of "Analogy" fame<sup>1</sup>) that the moral nature of man is a "constitution." But apart from a central sovereignty the soul is not a constitution but a mob-meeting and blindman's buff of passions and impulsions. And so: "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Spirit is the co-ordinating and directive principle of our microcosm, *Τὸ ἡγεμονικόν*, the God within, as the Stoics called it. "Be Zeno's king, and enjoy that empire which every man gives himself," counsels Sir Thomas Browne, the physician of Norwich. "*Qui sibi servit servo servit; qui se regit regem regit.*" Dante would have a man crowned and mitred lord over himself. Plato contrasts the "kingly desires" in the soul with the unruly appetites, and would have everyone "governed by a wise and divine power which should, if possible, be enthroned in the man's own breast, but, if not, imposed on him from without" (Rep. ix.). Shelley saw man as:

Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man;<sup>2</sup>  
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless;  
Exempt from awe, worship, degree; the King  
Over himself.

But why king at all? Why this lapse from anarchy into monarchical ideas?

<sup>1</sup> "Sermons," i., ii. and iii.

<sup>2</sup> Aristotle, following Plato, observed that such a being would be either a beast or a god.

In Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters" (1616) the Franklin is described as "lord over himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure."

On its intellectual side Spirit is regarded as *nous*. Milton calls it Godlike reason, and says:

. . . . in the soul  
Are many lesser faculties that serve  
Reason as chief.

Such a "principate" in the soul is described by Marcus Aurelius as its pilot, king, lawgiver, controller, and governor. Cicero says: "*Deus animum, ut dominum atque imperantem, oboedienti praejecit corpori.*"

Such language is constantly used of Conscience, which St. Augustine compares to the emperor issuing edicts which—when not disobeyed, as they often were—set the whole empire in motion. "Conscience," says Mackintosh, "has a rightful supremacy over every other principle of human nature." Evelyn calls it God's intelligencer and recorder, the very image by which un-fallen man represents his Maker. "Conscience," says Browne, "sits in the areopagy and dark tribunal of our hearts, surveying our thoughts and condemning their obliquities." Cardinal Newman's description is familiar: "The aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas." Philo calls conscience "the soul's little consistory"; Antoninus: "the voice of God, the domestic deity, God's vicegerent in the minor world, the place where He keeps perpetual session."

It is doubtless false psychology to think of the conscience as a separate faculty. Conscience is simply the understanding reflecting upon and applying both intuitional apprehensions and the data of experience. To do this or that would be inconsistent with love, loyalty, obedience, solicitude for others, truthfulness, purity, or other honourable principle. Nevertheless, there is something higher and something lower in man, an "ethereal particle and diviner portion," as well as earthly and base passions, primacy of spirit, soul often at war with sense. When spirit abdicates its throne, the little city which is man<sup>1</sup> becomes a sensual sty. Animalism in man is much worse than in brutes: because it is a revolt.

## II

Even if the soul were only a bit of glue—as Stosch, one of the spies on the young Chevalier, wrote to Prideaux—it holds man

<sup>1</sup> Plato regarded the State rather as the man magnified, man as a little polity in himself.

together and keeps things in their places.<sup>1</sup> "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls" (Prov. xxv. 28).

The relation of the higher to the lower part of man's constitution is the problem of religion and morals. On the one hand, the monarchy of the spirit is not arbitrary but "constitutional"—which does not mean that it should reign without attempting to govern, but that it recognizes the composite nature of man, "places the passions," and finds room for the appetites and affections. It overrules but never violates the lower nature. The Stoic "apathy," on the other hand, made rationality not merely the sovereign but the sole power in man. *Solitudinem facit, pacem appellat*. The Hindu ascetic, or other Manichee, tries to extirpate the lower nature. Catholic Christianity would simply "keep it in subjection." But it fights for the upper hand. Browne exhorts, in "Christian Morals":

Rest not in an ovation<sup>2</sup> but a triumph over thy passions. Let anger walk hanging down the head; let malice go manacled, and envy fettered after thee. Make the quarrelling Lapithytes sleep and Centaurs within lie quiet. Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast. Lead thine own captivity captive and be Cæsar within thyself.

No doubt, if the Catholic doctrine of the Fall is all priestcraft, and if "*l'homme nait bon*," everything that St. Paul says about the disorder of man's nature, of the duty of "mortifying your members that are upon the earth," and even "crucifying the old man with its affections and lusts," is a cruel and abominable exaggeration. Frederic Myers contended that "the earthly life must ethically develop *all* its faculties. There must be no arbitrary narrowing of earth's experience under the guise of sanctity."<sup>3</sup> But would he have whispered this in a son's or a daughter's ear? . . . Christianity at any rate has been obliged to proclaim martial law. If man has not inherited a fallen nature, and if (as an "enlightened" age uneasily proclaims) there is no Devil, where does all the wickedness come from? And how inexcusable it must be!

Appetite uncontrolled resembles a savage bull, to be tamed with ring and rope. In Plato's "Phaedrus" the soul is a charioteer driving two horses: reason and passion. And, even apart from gross sensuality, the modern glorification of insurgent impulse reduces the soul of man to a cockpit in which confused desires strive, like rival *bacilli*, or vipers in a jar.

<sup>1</sup> "Thought is phosphorus, the soul complex nerves, and our moral sense a secretion of sugar," Benjamin Disraeli in "Lothair."

<sup>2</sup> An ovation was an inferior triumph, marked by the killing of a sheep.

<sup>3</sup> "Human Personality," ii., 309.

In the nervous system, when the central controlling balance is destroyed, locomotor-ataxy ensues: so it is in the soul. Sanctity, like sanity, is not an equilibrium, but a subordination: not a balance, but a government. Nor is it a government in which the appetites can claim one vote apiece. In the "better self" they have their betters. This is implied in the very expression, "self-respect."

## III

Morality is the Divine principle of proportion—that is: of super- and sub-ordination. The more thoughtfully wrongdoing is analysed, the plainer does it become that it consists essentially in insubordination, in an insolent and disproportioned claim of right. We might even say with Hegel that life's tragedy is the conflict, not between right and wrong, but between right and right. . . . But although dirt is only matter in the wrong place, it *is* dirt! Virtue, as Aristotle observes, depends on the where, the when, the how, the how much, and so forth. And gratification of desire at the expense of a higher principle, or in disobedience to a command based on a higher law, becomes iniquity. The "judicious" Hooker (though in many respects a subversive heretic) bears excellent witness here. "Sin," he says, "is the disturbance of that Divine order whereby the pre-eminence of chiefest acceptation is by the best things worthily challenged,"<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, claimed. It is not enough to define sin as selfishness: for why is selfishness sin? Abelard defines it as "*contemptus Dei*"—that is to say: as insubordination.

That early Socialist, Fourier, with his followers, maintained that in checking any desire man is denying his noble birthright. Belfort Bax, a Socialist of our own time, urges the fearless cultivation of the animal instincts. A secularist catechism which was spread broadcast in France before the war set forth that "the passions are the true guides of human life; their gratification is their true end. Other life there is none. 'Duty' is that which makes us devoted to our impulses and to laws to which we have ourselves assented, and which makes us rebel against oppression." *La Révolte*, started by Prince Kropotkin at Geneva in 1885 as the organ of the more moderate anarchists, denied all government or constraint, from within or without, and declared unhesitatingly for "free love," but, more hesitatingly, for theft. For this qualification the paper was hotly denounced as an outpost of the "Bourgeoisie"! *Le Père Peinard*, another publication on the same lines, denied all morality, even the most rudimentary. The Bolsheviks of to-day propagate the same devilish doctrines. . . . Then, as Dr. Johnson observed, let us count our spoons!

At present there are in Anglo-Saxondom few vocal and con-

<sup>1</sup> "Ecclesiastical Polity," vii., 7.



sistent disciples of such out-and-out emancipation; but the *Emeute* of the Passions and their Declaration of Independence attract a good deal of sympathy, especially among novelists. Apology for the "fleshly lusts which war against the soul" goes far to make a "Best Seller." Meanwhile, the *Evening Standard* for March 9, 1931, reports that, at a meeting attended by undergraduates of both sexes at Oxford, in which these young people "demanded a reform of marriage upon the lines of those in Soviet Russia," a female student advocated "Companionate Marriage" according to the crazy and wicked suggestion of the American Judge Lindsay. This latter-day invasion of Oxford by alien barbarism is highly significant. . .

The Jew, Heinrich Heine, one of the heralds of revolt (1799—1856: he was a friend and correspondent of Karl Marx), reproaches Christianity with killing the flowers and banishing laughter from the earth. He declares human happiness to lie in the rehabilitation of the flesh, in throwing the reins on the neck of the wild horses of passion, and in liberation from the tyranny of the spirit. Restore the harmony between man and nature by enthroning the natural impulsions, and enlarge each faculty from the narrowing restrictions of morality. Let us cast away its cords from us!

On the other hand, the old man in Plato's "Republic," asked whether he did not regret the loss of his youthful passions, replied: "I feel as if I had escaped from a mad dog."

Certainly, as Bossuet said: "*Nos passions ont quelque chose d'infini.*" And John Wesley, the Methodist, when a young man at Oxford, wrote to his mother (who had taught her offspring to "cry softly") that Thomas à Kempis inverted rather than disciplined man's natural instincts! But these are allowed their proper place in the imitation of that Christ who took our nature upon Him and is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

S. F. DARWIN FOX.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### The Aftermath of War.

As years go on the disastrous consequences of the Great War seem to grow in virulence and extent, mainly because in the reaction from its horrors the nations tried to persuade themselves that its conclusion meant immediate relief from ruin and privation. After six years or so of unparalleled waste of human life and material resources—Britain alone spent in those six years as much as she had spent in the preceding 225—we tried to go on as if the war had not occurred: we refused to face the necessity of paying for it by one or two generations of bitter economy.

And, crowning folly of all, the victors framed their peace-treaties on punitive lines and, in spite of Leagues and Pacts and paper promises, continued to rely for safety on elaborate and costly armaments. When one looks back on post-war policies, one realizes what evil counsellors are fear and avarice. Now the financial system of the world seems to have gone completely out of gear. France, which by altering the value of the franc has repudiated four-fifths of her external debt, and America which is faced by a deficit, nevertheless hold between them three-fourths of the world's stock of gold. It is practically withdrawn from circulation, as they won't lend it to countries which need it. Thus, while production of the necessities of life goes on increasing in volume, the amount of money in circulation for their purchase grows less. Hence prices fall, manufacturers cannot sell at a profit, and unemployment grows. Something is evidently rotten in the state of finance.

**War-interest  
a  
Form of Usury.**

Mr. Belloc in a book of essays noticed elsewhere in this issue puts his finger on one source of disorder, viz., the prevalence of usury, which in its evil sense is "the claiming of interest upon an unproductive loan, or of interest greater than the real increment produced by a productive loan." Now, of all loans, those lent for the purposes of war were the most emphatically unproductive: they were expended largely on munitions and were used for the express purpose of destroying life and property. So far from creating wealth they destroyed it, and consequently in strict justice the lender of money for such an object had no claim on interest. Yet the war debts, domestic and international, form one of the chief burdens round the necks of the struggling nations. The interest paid on these colossal debts effectually prevents people from realizing what war-expenditure means. In another war the State will be well advised not to borrow but to take the wealth of its citizens. They will then find that they cannot afford to go to war: that disputes are more cheaply settled by arbitration: that they cannot use their right to fight and not pay for it. The progressive scaling down of the French and Italian war debts; this country's determination not to exact more from its continental debtors than it had to pay to America: nay, the far-seeing counsel of Benedict XV. that all war debts should be mutually condoned: these are all evidences of a sense that such debts are really usurious: that to take advantage of a nation's need—whether of one's own nation or another—to exact tribute for a loan is on a par with similar treatment of an individual. Perhaps a recognition of this fact will one day make the nations heed the Pope's advice.

**The Crisis  
Continues.**

Rightly enough, our rulers are putting the best construction possible on the portentous financial happenings of the past few months. Their business is to maintain confidence which is the basis of credit, and they must do their utmost to seem cheerful. They are well supported in this by the press. Confidence, nevertheless, has been grievously shaken for several years, more by the presence in office of a Government which professed to be Socialistic than by any socialistic measures they were able to pass. But their subservience to the T.U.C. with its policy of "Work or (uninsured) Maintenance," the consequent heavy over-expenditure and the unbalanced Budget brought about the financial crisis of August 23rd, from which the country has barely and temporarily escaped by the formation of a National Government. Because, however, it is not truly national, and because the largest Party in the Commons has gone into opposition, the relief proved to be only momentary, and further large withdrawals of funds by investors abroad necessitated a sudden suspension of the gold standard on September 20th. It is a humiliating retreat, for it was this country's boast that it returned to the gold standard as soon as possible after the war, although other debtor nations devaluated their currency and so in effect evaded some of their obligations. Now the pound can no longer "look the dollar in the face" but must shift in value with the fluctuations of the money market. The native importer must pay more pounds for the goods he buys from abroad and the foreign investor cannot get his funds back at the former fixed value. We have joined the ranks of those who pay their debts in depreciated currency. Our nationals abroad will find their British money less valuable, but since the paper pound at home is in any case inconvertible it maintains its intrinsic value here, although not based on the gold standard. Thus, we shall not experience the worst of that "flight from the pound" which we have been so vigorously fighting to prevent. Only our foreign friends will suffer for having lost confidence in us, and those whose opposition to the National Government has caused that lack of confidence must be held to some extent responsible for whatever inconveniences will result from the pound sterling ceasing to be the recognized medium for international settlements.

**Labour  
Badly  
Led.**

But if ever, through want of union at home, and further loss of confidence abroad, the Government is forced to the doubtfully honest expedient of printing notes beyond the limits of the "fiduciary issue," then the pound may meet the fate of the mark. Looking at the matter from the wide standpoint of national well-being, and having in view this very possible financial *débâcle*, one must conclude that the Labour Party were tactically

misled when they refused to take their due share in a National Government. They knew that the Budget must be balanced, and only questioned the wisdom of some of the expedients to be resorted to. As members of the Government, their leaders would have been able to modify and direct the incidence of the necessary "sacrifices" much more effectively than they now can in a factious opposition, bound to be always voted down. But, unhappily, they were not free to follow the wiser course, being under the anomalous domination of the T.U.C., a non-political body representing only a section of the workers. Hence, although they claim to be the champions of the weak and oppressed, who do need help and who are to be pitied, they have not in the circumstances done the best possible for their clients. The evil of a party division, based on economics and class interest instead of on politics, is bearing its natural fruit, and it will become more evident if ever Labour achieves power, for it has now become more openly Socialistic.

**The Disease  
of  
Industry.**

Meanwhile economists, professional and amateur, with eyes tightly closed to the real significance of the crisis, are ventilating their various specifics in the press for the recovery by this country of the sure and steady balance of trade by which it formerly rose to prosperity and which is still held to be its salvation. Outside the writings of a few Catholics, we see little recognition of the possibility that Britain's industrial supremacy may be gone beyond recall and that her salvation must be sought in other ways. Shortly after this country returned to the gold standard in 1925, this journal published two articles by Mr. H. Robbins, a prominent Distributist, entitled: "Is British Industrialism Doomed?", which showed that the inherent vices of the uncontrolled capitalism which has flourished in this country for a century and a half, and which more than a hundred years ago was exposed and denounced by Cobbett, were at last bringing the structure to decay. Cobbett had predicted an early collapse, for the symptoms of dissolution were as evident then as now, but Mr. Robbins points out what it was that intervened to postpone the final break-up till our day, viz., the constant discovery and exploitation of new markets. Thus a means was found of disposing of those cheap and abundant goods with which the wage-slaves of capitalism, aided by local deposits of coal and iron and by marvellous mechanical devices, were flooding the world to the gain of their masters. But now there are no new markets, and every land which formerly used Britain as its workshop has now workshops of its own. Mr. Gandhi, addressing the Labour members of the House of Commons on September 16th, asked pointedly—"Is there any canon of morality which compels me to prefer Lancashire cloth in order to sustain Lancashire labourers who through

all these years had been impoverishing Indian workers?" The old markets are now either producing their own goods or getting them from sources nearer home. The conditions, in other words, which made British industrial supremacy possible have largely disappeared. Six years ago our exports had declined by 25 per cent whilst those of the world at large had increased by 12 per cent, and the position has since become worse.

**Mere Tariffs  
no  
Remedy.**

Mr. Robbins's warning was re-echoed early this year in a striking volume by Mr. Henry Somerville, "Britain's Economic Illness," wherein the diagnosis of the nation's trade and finance reveals the same depressing results. A new spirit and new methods are necessary if calamity is to be avoided. The remedy is that of the Popes—Christianize or at least humanize industry; abolish wage-slavery; multiply ownership; curb the disproportionate power of the wealthy; restore the family; encourage agriculture; check undue State interference. No artificial stimulus or restriction of trade can cure a disease which is as much moral as economic. In face of the growing clamour for an immediate tariff, the non-expert can only wonder how experts can so readily manage to alter their views. At one time one of President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," advocating "the removal as far as possible of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the Peace," was endorsed by all sorts of highly authoritative bodies—the World Economic Conference (1927), a Committee of leading Bankers and Industrialists (1926), the International Chamber of Commerce, the International Co-operative Alliance, the International Federation of League of Nations Unions, and so forth. The common-sense estimate of tariffs as a species of war and as obstacles hampering trade, and the persuasion that no country can really benefit by the impoverishment of its neighbours—and to-day all nations are neighbours—seemed a few years ago to be general amongst those most concerned. But since in this land, imports are constantly growing at the expense of exports, therefore, we are told, imports must be checked. People who buy from us, in other words, must be discouraged from selling to us, by having to pay for the privilege, and for what we have to buy from them—food for the most part and raw materials,—we must pay more, so as to teach us to buy at home. Whilst not denying that some native industries, and especially agriculture may need protection, one may hesitate about the effect of the means suggested. Tariffs are a form of indirect taxation, and taxation both direct and indirect is ruinously high already. The question is exceedingly complicated and even among experts many of the issues are vague. Benefit and injury alike vary with

the character of the trade concerned : to protect the producer for the home market from foreign competition is to handicap still further the producer for export. We should gladly see absolute prohibition of "sweated" imports, in the cause of humanity more than of material prosperity, but it would be a pity if preoccupation with these fiscal devices blinded men to the far greater problem which even the Labour Party has never fairly envisaged but which Catholic economists have always in view,—how to put industry on a Christian footing by the suppression of real usury, how to abolish wage-slavery and the proletariat by profit-sharing schemes, how to restore the land to its full share in the provision of national subsistence.

Salvation  
from  
the Land.

France suffered more severely than we did in men and money through the war, but France has recovered a great measure of her prosperity whereas ours is rapidly declining. The reason

is that Frenchmen are rooted on their soil, whereas about 37 out of our 39 millions are "off" the land, living under urban conditions. More than 80 per cent of our food comes from abroad and the proportion is increasing. So long as Britain was the "world's workshop" and so long as the world was at peace, the danger to the material prosperity of the country was not perceptible, however harmful to moral welfare such unnatural urbanization might prove. But now that the unemployed are more than double the number of agriculturists it is surely advisable to plan the recolonization of England by its own inhabitants. That is the professed aim of the various Catholic Land Associations which, originating independently in Scotland, the Midlands and the London district, held a first united Conference at Oscott on August 24th and 25th this year, and appointed a standing Joint Committee to co-ordinate their efforts. We are glad to see that they were careful to state that their object is incompatible with industrial or large-scale farming for profit. Theirs is the more sensible policy of living on and from the land, under conditions favourable to proper human development. The difficulties in the way of this salutary development have been keenly analysed by Mr. Stanley James in the *Catholic World* for July, and in certain later articles in the *Catholic Times*.<sup>1</sup> The chief is the need of a change of outlook, the abandonment of the urban ideal of well-being, which has dominated English mentality for two centuries, and a return to a simpler and more natural life. For this something more than an earthly motive is needed: hence, the significance of these Catholic movements, which find their guide and inspiration in Father McNabb's stirring little book—"The Church and the Land." But a return to the land need not now mean the dullness

<sup>1</sup> July 31st, Aug. 7th and 14th.

and isolation which were wont to characterize life in the country. Modern means of communication make it possible to enjoy some, at least, of the innocent pleasures of communal life. Still, the chief stimulus of urban endeavour—the desire to get and spend money—must be steadily forgone. There is a living, but not wealth, to be found in small-farming. But surely it is infinitely preferable to life on the dole. In Germany, in order to settle the unemployed on the land, the State has projected the creation of 100,000 small-holdings of two acres each with a house attached, on municipal or State land, to be ready by February next. It is an experiment which will be watched with interest, for here the number of allotments in occupation has never seriously reduced the unemployment figures, and has actually fallen 25 per cent in the last 10 years. It is to be hoped, furthermore, that our domestic “National Homecraft Association” may now receive the support it deserves, and that schemes like the “Sheffield Allotments”—the Spade Clubs which have proved so successful—may be extensively copied. Our annual bill for food and drink from abroad need not be the £430,600,000 which it was in 1930.

**The Peace  
of  
the World.**

The domestic crisis, by no means ended yet, has taken away public attention from wider interests, just as its suggested remedies tend unfortunately to counteract the movement towards world-solidarity by their purely nationalist preoccupations. The international reaction to our desperate concentration on our own immediate welfare may possibly be harmful. At any rate the proceedings at the Assembly of the League, which opened in the first week of September, are still of the first importance. If only because nothing can so directly and speedily contribute to the world's industrial prosperity as the establishment of an enduring peace, Geneva is still the centre of the world's best hopes. At the opening of the general debate in the Assembly on September 8th, the Italian Foreign Minister again took the lead in proposing something immediate and practical, as a preparation for next February's Disarmament Conference. Let us, he said in effect, proclaim an armaments truce from now till the Conference: it is the least we can do if we are in earnest. And he insisted, against the unreasonable French theory, that security, disarmament and arbitration are so intimately connected that they should be sought simultaneously. Moreover, he scouted the idea that the world's problems can be divided into politics and economics and settled separately. The foolish tariff-barriers which strangled European trade arose from a sense of economic insecurity which reflected political insecurity. Finally, he denounced the growing habit of forming exclusive alliances within the League as contrary to its spirit. “Such systems, in our opinion, do not correspond to



the idea of regional agreements which are provided for in the Covenant. On the contrary, they constitute divisions which do a great deal of damage to the cause of peace and to the tranquillity of nations. It is an illusion to suppose that they represent any initial stage towards the formation of a wider group. The formation of 'blocs,' either in the form of military alliances or in the form of agreements concluded in view of particular interests or of special systems of government, will inevitably provoke the creation of rival groups." It was a speech marked by sterling courage and common sense. Signor Grandi has lately taken the rôle, unhappily vacated by M. Briand, of being the most prominent and sincere advocate of real international peace, which must be based on equality of national rights and a drastic all-round reduction of armaments in accordance with Article 8 of the Versailles Treaty.

**An  
Armaments  
Truce?**

Lord Cecil speaking for Britain emphatically endorsed the Italian proposals. This country is spending, as we know, two million pounds a week on its armed forces and in view of the stern need of public economy must welcome any opportunity of calling a halt in that expenditure. The British delegate has, therefore, been instructed to agree to cease ship-building and not to increase military or air estimates for the year 1932-33, supposing general agreement to that effect. There has, alas! been no answering gesture as yet from France. M. Briand's speech contained no reference to Signor Grandi's suggestion, but it may be that some practical step will be taken before the Assembly closes. Lord Cecil's plea for a genuine *rapprochement* between France and Germany, in actions as well as in words "which would eliminate at least 75 per cent of the feeling of unrest," was well received by M. Briand who claimed to have done something already towards that desirable end. On September 12th, Dr. Curtius, the German Foreign Minister ranged himself on Signor Grandi's side in support of the view—which may almost be called a truism—that security is the result, not of arming, but of disarmament. In the Covenant of the League only one kind of security was contemplated—that which all States should share in an equal degree and not that which was based on preponderance of armed strength. One-sided disarmament would mean failure of the Conference, which in turn would mean failure of the League. Obviously, the whole future of Europe depends on this one point—whether Article 8 of the Covenant and the preamble of the Disarmament Clauses are to be interpreted as meaning that all nations are to limit their armed forces or only the defeated Powers. The latest news (September 24th) is that France, on the plea that it would prejudice her naval strength, has rejected the Italian proposal. It is not for nothing that she has accumulated five hundred million pounds in gold.

**The Prospects  
of  
Disarmament.**

If the nations, even in spite of themselves, are so united economically as to be immediately affected by each other's financial vicissitudes, it becomes more obviously irrational for them to be preparing, given occasion, to ruin each other by destructive warfare. This country has done, by way of showing its sense of that irrationality, what no other country has hitherto attempted, made the question of disarmament a national one by uniting the representatives of all parties in a great public demonstration on July 11th in favour of it. There is a chauvinist element in this country as in all others, but it does not find recognition in any party programme. It would, we fear, be useless to expect a combination of all parties in the French Government, to say nothing of those in opposition, advocating the need, for the world's health, of a drastic reduction of the means of making war. It will be much if some official Government recognition is given to the international Conference in support of Disarmament to be held in Paris next November. But, as shown by its Memorandum on the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments, prepared for the League of Nations and published on July 20th, the official French mind, in spite of all Leagues and Pacts, continues still to consider war as an instrument of national policy, and to seek security in preponderance of force. One statement in that document will, if the view expressed is upheld and persisted in, jeopardize the success of the coming Disarmament Conference, and that is—"It has nowhere been said that methods and strengths of armament imposed on certain States by the Peace Treaties should be adopted by others." This means that the reduction and limitation of armed forces, to which Germany consented at Versailles, "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations," (words of the preamble to the Disarmament section of the Treaty), was intended to result in a *permanent* military inferiority, on land and sea and in the air, of that great and growing nation; in other words, it means the maintenance of a penal enactment for all time, contrary, we believe, to the general understanding of the Treaty and impossible, in any case, to enforce. However, the document elsewhere admits that "the problem of the general limitation of armaments is much more political than technical," and contends that "neutrality [in the case of aggression] which is already hardly justified in face of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, cannot to-day be reconciled with the *de facto* solidarity which unites all States." Consequently, [the French Government] "will give its unreserved support to any system which includes formal pledges for effective mutual assistance in case of attack"—a reasonable view, if only the existence of these pledges is taken into account in determining what forces are necessary for defence.

**The Jingoistic  
Press  
Opposed to Peace.**

If one wonders why the common sense of diplomatists does not decide these matters, one has only to read the press of the various nations—conveniently summarized in an "occasional" periodical called *Disarmament*, published with the view of informing public opinion—to see where the main obstacles to peace lie. No responsible statesman makes a speech but these irresponsible and voluble journalists proceed to disclose its hidden and discreditable motives, exalting the while the purity and nobility of their own policies. A more hopeful preliminary to the fateful Conference of February even than an Armaments Truce would be a cessation of press polemics. One large section of the French press, for instance, has constantly maintained that what really keeps France and Germany from friendship and understanding is the selfishness of perfidious Albion which profits by their disunion. No wonder Lord Cecil exclaimed in his address—"That is a gross and scandalous libel on my country"; and indeed, it is as foolish as it is malicious, for Britain has no greater interest than world peace. But other libels will, no doubt, succeed this, for the favourite weapon of the baser sort of political journalist is cynical invective. There is no cure for that pest, but a general elevation of public opinion which would lead to a distaste for racial hatred and abuse. If the dispositions are there, they will find expression.

**The Vindication  
of  
Azione Cattolica.**

Signor Mussolini has wisely retreated from the untenable position he had assumed in trying to withdraw from the control of the Church the moral and religious training of young Catholics enrolled in the ranks of the *Azione Cattolica*. If he had only said from the first all that he wished was that the youth of the country should not be divided in their pursuit of physical culture, the authorities of the Church would, no doubt, have met his view, as, after months of unnecessary unpleasantness due to his use of force instead of reason, they have ultimately done. It is plain that, whilst Italy remains Catholic, Fascismo cannot afford to quarrel with the Church: indeed, the only hope of permanence which that bold constitutional experiment carries with it is that it may prove fully compatible with what the Church teaches regarding the State as well as the family and the school. Even in Soviet Russia, whose rulers, literally, regard neither God nor man, the Communistic State is doomed to ultimate failure, not so much because of its defiance of the iron laws of economics, as because of its defiance of the still more rigid and immutable laws of morality. *Dominus irridebit eos*. Signor Mussolini, although his followers seem to number some rather equivocal Catholics, is statesman and Catholic enough to know that he cannot contend with success against God or against God's representative. "As

the real issue," says *The Times* (September 3rd), "between the Church and the Fascist State is not the supposed political activities of the Azione Cattolica—if, indeed, they have ever been serious—but the philosophy of life in which young Italians are to be trained, a clause that restores to the Church one of its means of moulding the character of the young out of school hours suggests that the Vatican has safeguarded itself in the one matter that is vital." The journal, it is true, considers the philosophies of Fascism and of the Church to be fundamentally opposed, and that "periodic recriminations" are to be expected. "The Fascists would educate the young Italian in their own aggressive creed, glorying in force and service to an all-powerful State: the Church, putting the individual and the family first, denounces the 'Pagan' worship of the State and preaches the Gospel of peace." However, as the Church's "philosophy" has the truth behind it, and the Fascists are Catholics, no doubt a more or less permanent *modus vivendi* will be found.

We are glad to see that efforts continue amongst the sects to attain some measure of the unity which Christ prayed should characterize His followers, for we are convinced that all such efforts, through their inevitable failure, will give those that make them a clearer view of the only possible basis for unity, viz., belief in the same doctrinal truth on the authority of the one living Church. Apart from that basis, there can only be a federation of more or less inharmonious elements, brought and kept together by other motives than knowledge and love of revealed truth. Such is, in effect, the agreement recently projected between the Anglican Church and the few scattered groups of Continental Old Catholics, the terms of which were formulated in July at Bonn by representatives of both bodies, and confirmed on the Old Catholic side at their general Congress at Vienna on September 10th. The upshot is, that without either party requiring "the acceptance of all doctrinal opinion, sacramental devotion or liturgical practice characteristic of the other," they may partake of each other's sacraments, the Old Catholics expressly declaring that they recognized the validity of Anglican Orders. We presume that authorization will now be sought from the Anglican Convocations, but we doubt whether there it will be all plain sailing. For the Anglicans are faced with their usual dilemma: all but one section of their "comprehensive" Church disbelieve in Orders in the Catholic sense, and thus the Old Catholics will be "recognizing" what most Anglicans themselves do not recognize, viz., the power of their ministers to consecrate and offer sacrifice. We cannot think that the non-Sacerdotalist Anglicans will welcome intercommunion with those who, in this respect, are little better than

Papists. We know how they resent any real *rapprochement* with the Orthodox, and although the *Church Times* insists that "our affinities lie with the Catholic as opposed to the Protestant bodies," it cannot deny that the possessive "our" embraces only a minority of Anglicans. Other and deeper "affinities" are represented by the invitation, recently sent to the Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to resume the conversations on Reunion which have been suspended since 1925. The Federal Council accepted the invitation on September 22nd promising "to seek the realization of the hope expressed in his Grace's letter—'that some further step may be taken towards at least fuller understanding and fuller spiritual co-operation, or if it may be by God's Will, towards even closer union.' " That union, we are convinced, can never be real and permanent unless it is based on faith, *i.e.*, unless one or other party abandons the dogmatic principles which originally drove them apart.

**The Centenary  
Meeting  
of the B.A.**

Although many of the chief speakers at the Centenary Meeting of the British Association, now (September 24th) assembled in London, showed a praiseworthy sense of the supernatural,—the old materialistic outlook having happily been abandoned—they paid little or no regard to the fact that, at a given period of human history, God walked this earth in human form and revealed the purpose of the universe to His creatures. They recognize the existence and value of religion, but only as something evolved from the activities of man's nature, not as evoked by revelation from above. No doubt, they felt bound to keep within the limits of the natural, and we may be justified in supplying the gloss—"Christianity apart"—to some of their utterances. Thus Sir J. A. Thompson's distinction between science as descriptive and religion as interpretative, ignores the fact that Christianity is also historical and local, and has been the chief force in moulding civilization. And when General Smuts claims that "it may fairly be said that science is perhaps the clearest revelation of God to our age," he again ignores the supernatural message of the Christian Church. These laymen, then, do not qualify, as they should, their conclusions. Preoccupied with physical science, they do not consider the knowledge which comes from other sources. It is sad that a professed minister of religion, Dr. Barnes, who spoke at the commemoration of the Centenary at Liverpool on September 20th, could not rise any higher than they. He eulogized science, but only at the expense of religion—as he understands it. He characterized the Oxford Movement in his Church as a reaction from the scientific spirit, whereas it was the great leader of that Movement who, two decades before Darwin, invoked the principle of development as interpretative of phenomena. Newman hated Godless

liberalism and materialism but had no quarrel with science. True religion is not involved, whatever the Bishop may think, in the conflict between Protestant Fundamentalism and scientific research. Dr. Barnes was not speaking of Catholicism, with knowledge of it, at any rate, when he said in Westminster Abbey some four years ago, "Darwin's triumph has destroyed the whole theological scheme." As a Modernist, of course, the Bishop has little use for revelation, so he can only fall back on natural religion. But it is a pity that he should be put up to speak for Christianity.

Communicatio  
in  
Sacris.

It would be a great gain to peace and a great saving of ink if the opponents of the Catholic Church would deal with her as she is, and not as they think she is or ought to be. The Church professes to be the only religious organization in the world which was founded and commissioned and endowed with doctrinal and moral inerrancy and indefectibility by Jesus Christ, God made Man. She is essentially one in herself and unique as regards others, and she can never take any action which would, even implicitly, deny her character and her claims. Therefore, when Christians outside her Fold consider her only as one of the fragments into which Christendom has unhappily been divided, and expect her, in vain, to act as if she were, they have only themselves to blame for their disappointment. It is open to those who think her claims to be unfounded pretensions, to try to demolish them by argument, but they cannot reasonably blame her for always acting in accordance with them. These are elementary facts, yet through ignoring them, so intelligent a man as Sir Henry Lunn allowed himself recently to accuse Cardinal Bourne of bigotry, and thus exposed himself to the just and merciless castigation of the *Tablet* (August 22, p. 233). Sir Henry had complained to the Wesleyan Methodists that Catholic doctrine, as enunciated on a recent occasion by the Cardinal, forbade *communicatio in Sacris* with those not belonging to the True Church, not reflecting that such joint prayer or worship would be an admission by the Church that she was not what she pretended to be, the guardian of the true Faith, and that she regarded those who deny it as, objectively, just as well-pleasing to God as herself, the Spouse of His Divine Son. And so he got what he deserved. Those who do not believe in actual Church Unity, but imagine that each of the sects of Christendom contributes its own portion of truth to the whole, can, logically enough, advocate union in worship, but the Catholic Church cannot, although she is always ready to recognize good faith and to acknowledge good works in those outside her borders, and although she will actively co-operate with them in all measures for genuine social betterment. She will not, however, pray with them, for so she would prove false to her commission.

William of Orange  
and  
the Pope.

That entertaining writer, Mr. H. V. Morton, has written so kindly and sympathetic a book about Ireland that one is loth to take exception to any part of it. As a non-Catholic, he is sometimes inevitably at fault when dealing with the mentality of a Catholic people, but such mistakes are easily forgiven in view of his obvious good-will. He makes, however, one or two historical statements,<sup>1</sup> the incorrectness of which, especially as they are meant to correct the common Catholic view, it may be worth while to expose. Apropos of William's invasion of England in 1688 he writes :

Few Catholics seem aware, by the way, that the Pope knew of, and approved, William's Protestant Armada. Innocent XI. had himself urged all Catholics to resist the French Jesuits and the Gallican Church, so that when William of Orange set sail from Hellevoetsluis on a November day in 1688 he took with him, paradoxically, the blessing of the Holy See, and the united hopes of Protestant Europe ! In a similar way Gustavus Adolphus, struggling against Spain and Austria, had been helped by Catholic France and by the Pope.

As a matter of fact, Pope Innocent XI. heard of William's invasion only after it had succeeded. He had no correspondence with the Prince of Orange, but, on the contrary, was keenly interested in the fortunes of the Catholic King to whom he had sent his blessing on October 28, 1688. He deplored, writing later to James (February 1, 1689), William's success in vigorous terms. "On hearing the woeful news of the very fierce storm which the powers of darkness had stirred up against your Majesty and the Royal House in England, we well-nigh fainted through the bitterness of our personal grief." It is true that all during his reign, from 1676 to 1689, Pope Innocent was engaged in resisting the French King's claims to the revenues of certain vacant bishoprics and to other usurped ecclesiastical powers, and that Louis XIV. had retaliated in 1682 by signing the "Declaration of the Four Articles" which asserted the so-called Gallican liberties. The Pope, therefore, was frequently attacked in France, and in the last year of his life he complained to De Gubernatis, the Ambassador of Amadeus II., of the calumnies which were being spread about concerning him, representing him as an adherent of Orange. Two letters of Cardinal d'Estrées in this sense, dated December, 1687 and June, 1688, form probably the basis of Mr. Morton's story, but these were conclusively shown to be forgeries, some fifty-five years ago.<sup>2</sup> That the Pope was displeased, at that time, with the attitude of some of the French Jesuits, who en-

<sup>1</sup> "In Search of Ireland," pp. 239, 271.

<sup>2</sup> See a series of articles in *Revue des Questions Historiques*, October, 1876—July, 1877, by M. Charles Gérin.



deavoured to make peace between him and the King, since their work in France largely depended on the latter's favour, is also true, but it has not the remotest connection with the affairs of William of Orange.

As for Gustavus Adolphus, that Protestant hero was indeed helped by France, during the Thirty Years' war, always ready to help even the Turk against the Empire. Religion never counted much with monarchs in those days of absolutism when it interfered with their aggrandizement. But there is no evidence that Pope Urban VIII., who reigned during most of that period, supported Gustavus. Mr. Morton seems to have been misled by some tendentious compendium.

**Catholic  
Spain.**

We have great hopes that the Spanish revolution with its irreligious animus may have the proverbial effects of persecution in arousing a vigorous and reasoned profession of faith amongst Spanish Catholics. No outsider can speak with any fullness of knowledge about the previous state of religion in the country as a whole, and few inhabitants can generalize accurately from their own local observation. All we can safely say is that Catholic Faith which is not personal and practical easily wilts under the breath of persecution, and that real Catholic Faith is the result of study and discipline alone. To what extent religion has been effectively taught in Spanish schools and churches we cannot determine. The hand of the State has been heavy on the Church for many years and the clergy, supported by the State from confiscated Church property and not by their flocks, are said to have been, and to be, exceedingly poor. Not that the wealth of the Church, except in artistic treasures is really great : whilst that of the Orders works out at about £500 per head. Nor can the clergy of whatever kind be thought very numerous in proportion to the population. Recent statistics put the numbers of the pastoral clergy at 35,400, which, assuming all to be capable of work, means about one priest per 700 Catholics. The number of Religious Houses in Spain is about 3,500, of which 806 belong to men. Out of these latter 648 are devoted to education, 85 to charity, whilst the rest are seminaries. Protestant England, with its 19,000-odd Anglican clergy, some 10,000 Nonconformist ministers, and a church-going population of perhaps 10 millions, may well be reckoned as "priest-ridden" as Spain.

THE EDITOR.

## III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

## CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Heaven**, not a renovated Earth: Scripture Proof [A. Agius, O.S.B., in *Catholic Gazette*, Aug. 1931, p. 234].

**Prohibition**: How it may bind in conscience [J. Elliot Ross, C.P., in *Homiletic Review*, Sept. 1931, p. 128].

**Proto-Evangelium**, The [E. F. Sutcliffe, S.J., in *Clergy Review*, Aug. 1931, p. 149].

**Sweepstakes**: their morality [Rev. D. Barry in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Sept. 1931, p. 300].

**War**: Grounds of conscientious objection to [E. Murphy in *Commonweal*, July 22, 1931, p. 298].

## CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Action**, Catholic, *versus* Fascism [*La Cité Chrétienne*, July 5 and 20, 1931].

**Catholicism**, Dense English Ignorance of [*Catholic Gazette*, Aug. 1931, p. 253].

**Freemasonry** and the Schools in France [M. Macé in *Etudes*, Aug. 20, 1931, p. 385].

**Millikan**, Dr. R. A., the American Scientist, really agnostic [R. L. Davis in *America*, Aug. 29, 1931, p. 493].

**Russian Tourists** (Shaw, etc.) [H. Somerville in *Month*, Sept. 1931, p. 229; J. Gillis, C.S.P., in *Catholic World*, Sept. 1931, p. 738].

## POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Alcohol**, Psychological and Moral Effects [D. A. E. Evans in *Catholic Medical Guardian*, July 1931, p. 106].

**Canons** Regular of the Lateran, How they returned to England ["M.P.," in *Catholic Gazette*, Sept. 1931, p. 303].

**Catholic Medical Guilds**: Proposed International Federation [*Catholic Medical Guardian*, July 1931, pp. 91, 93].

**Catholic Revival** in France, Progress of [S. J. Brown, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Aug., Sept. 1931, pp. 113, 255; B. L. Masse, S.J., in *America*, Aug. 15, 1931, p. 451].

**Jesuit Missions** in South America [G. Chatterton-Hill in *Contemporary Review*, June 1931].

**Land-Settlement**, Education should encourage [*Catholic Times*, Aug. 28, 1931, pp. 9, 10].

**Mendicant Orders**, Origin of [Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1931, p. 280].

**Reformation** of Studies, The Papal [A. Bea, S.J., in *Stimmen der Zeit*, Sept. 1931, p. 401].

**Religious Courses** in Schools [M. S. Sheehy, Ph.D., in *America*, June 27, 1931, p. 272].

**St. John** the Evangelist not a "red martyr" [J. Donovan, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Aug. 1931, p. 142].

**St. John** of Jerusalem: the Catholic and Protestant Orders distinct ["Nestor" in *Catholic Times*, Aug. 28, 1931, p. 11].

**Spain** in Revolution [T. J. O'Donnell in *Studies*, Sept. 1931, p. 481].

# REVIEWS

## I—IN DEFENCE OF THE FAITH<sup>1</sup>

ALL the unrest, sin and misery in the world come from men believing what is not true and loving what is not good. Those, therefore, who aim at correcting errors in faith and morals should be ranked as public benefactors, for the successful result of their labours would be universal enlightenment and happiness. No Catholic will refuse that title to the quartet of Catholic apologists—two priests and two laymen—whose books are mentioned below, and who have, all of them, to their credit many other volumes of the same sort. Father Knox's effective exposure of what may be called "Press-religion" and Mr. Chesterton's brilliant collection of "Essays in Doctrine and Controversy" we have already appreciated in their first editions. The publishers, with the idea of giving them a wider vogue, have issued them more cheaply, in a series called "The Ark Library," a title embodying the pleasing fancy that thus they will survive that submergence and oblivion to which a flood of some 12,000 new volumes a year exposes all but the most sea-worthy productions. These particular books, made buoyant by abundant humour and ballasted by the soundest common sense, might be trusted to float in any case, but it is all to the good that they should have been reconditioned for a further voyage.

Of the other two, Dr. Sheen's is concerned with the various literary aberrations from reason and morality for which the humorously-styled *intelligentsia* of the United States have so unenviable a notoriety. He moves amongst these aberrations, equipped with a trained intellect and a fixed and consistent standard, and, using mainly the weapons of reason, gleefully unmasks their manifold folly and incoherence. But at the same time, he is careful to exhibit the strength, beauty, and harmony of the ideals against which they sin, those raised on the basis of the natural law by God's revelation. We realize from his indictment how true it is that truth is one whilst error is multiform, and at the same time that, in this ageing world, there are few errors into which human perversity has not at one time or another previously slipped. Dr. Sheen's learning easily detects the old falsehoods masquerading as modern, and his lively wit has a wide field for exercise in exposing their pretensions. But there is one deadly

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Old Errors and New Labels*. By Dr. Fulton J. Sheen. London: Appleton and Co. Pp. 336. Price, 7s. 6d. (2) *Essays of a Catholic*. By Hilaire Belloc. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 319. Price, 7s. 6d. n. (3) *Caliban in Crab Street* (Cheap edition). By Ronald Knox. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 222. Price, 3s. 6d. n. (4) *The Thing* (Cheap edition). By G. K. Chesterton. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 255. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

error, he notes, which is of comparatively modern date,—the error that denies God's existence. There were atheists in pre-Christian times, but Paganism on the whole was religious. The wide-spread belief in a closed universe and in the self-sufficiency of man, both morally and intellectually, is a disease of our own day. Happily it so entirely lacks the support of either reason or experience that it cannot last. Experiments such as are going on in Russia cannot but bring erring man back to God, and writers like Dr. Sheen will do much to help his return.

Mr. Belloc in an earlier civilization would have been hailed—and perhaps stoned—as a prophet. He has assumed the salutary but unpopular rôle of trying to make people think and get back to first principles, rather than to swim with the tide and believe all that their class or their press tells them. In his *Essays of a Catholic* he brings a penetrating intelligence to bear on various modern problems resulting from the presence of the Catholic Faith in the midst of a world which has ceased to believe in it, although it owes to that Faith all that it has of worth and permanence. "The New Paganism," for instance, results from the secular State usurping the place of God's representative, the Church, in the concerns of men—a theme developed more fully in "The Catholic Church and the Modern State." The breakdown of Capitalism which we are witnessing to-day is acutely diagnosed in the essay "On Usury," the effect of placing the use of money outside the control of Ethics. On other burning topics, such as "The Schools," "The Conversion of England," "The Counter-Attack through History," Mr. Belloc speaks sound common sense. His complaint, however, that Catholic students are brought up on non-Catholic histories is not now so well-founded as it used to be, thanks to the Westminster Federation, and various Catholic historians including Mr. Belloc himself. We are glad to see included in this volume that glorious defence of Catholicism which the misguided truculence of the Dean of St. Paul's once provoked and which is styled "A Letter to Dean Inge." The rest of the collection aptly illustrates the claims which it upholds, with the exception of one or two extravagances which mar its sober strength. One is his description of Latin (p. 263) as "the common language of Christendom"—a loose phrase which ignores the Eastern and other Catholic rites and, so far, makes the return of the Greek Schismatics more difficult. To emphasize the "Latinism" of the Western Patriarchate is to endanger the concept of the Church's Catholicity. Another point is his *seeming* to justify (p. 92) the ill-treatment of animals, common in some Catholic countries, by Catholic teaching regarding the "rights" of animals. As has often been explained, animals have not the rights that inhere in personality, but they have a right as creatures of God to humane and considerate treatment.

2—REASON AND FAITH<sup>1</sup>

IN its great constitution *de fide Catholica* the Vatican Council more than sixty years ago definitely settled for Catholics the nature of divine Faith and its relations with human reason, and actually proclaimed as a dogma that reason itself can attain certain knowledge of God our Creator. Since that infallible declaration the true idea of Faith has been more and more widely abandoned outside the Church, and also the capacity of reason for attaining truth more generally denied. What Manning, lecturing on the morrow of the Council, called "The Four Great Evils of the Day"—the Revolt of the Intellect against God, the Revolt of the Will against God, the Revolt of Society from God and the Spirit of Anti-Christ—are certainly no less conspicuous to-day, although, speaking generally, the modern non-Catholic mind has become indifferent to religious truth rather than actively hostile. Apart from places where the State is formally atheistic, the revolt has taken the shape of an entire ignoring of God's claims, brought about by a disbelief in the power of the mind to reach absolute truth. Since the mind, properly used, leads to the knowledge of our Creator and of our responsibility to Him, those who wish to feel independent are always tempted thus to put out of gear the apparatus which makes known their dependence. Hence those "doubts of the instrument," which sceptics like Mr. H. G. Wells have elaborated: hence the general abandonment of the objective proofs of Christian truth by many professing Christians: hence the need of supplementing our traditional apologetic if we are to reach and persuade minds so sensitive about their freedom and so suspicious of religious certainty.

It is this need which has inspired Father D'Arcy to write what we may call a new "Grammar of Assent," which recalls, not only the intimate knowledge of the "modern mind," displayed by that famous Essay, but also its sympathy with the outsider and its urbanity of atmosphere. On its first appearance, Newman's Essay was criticized in these pages by Father Thomas Harper, S.J., a metaphysician of note whose loudly proclaimed admiration for the genius of its author hardly disguised his detestation of the book's novel theories. For Newman, under the influence to some extent of non-Catholic philosophers, and reacting vigorously against the rationalism of his day, seemed to the rigid scholasticism of Father Harper to weaken the rational defence of religious faith by allowing too much to subjective, non-rational influences. Consequently, in seven highly-technical articles he elaborated and emphasized the shortcomings of the Essay, an assault which Newman bore with exemplary patience, only confessing to Father Coleridge

<sup>1</sup> *The Nature of Belief.* By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 336. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

that "I began to read Father Harper's papers, but they were (to my ignorance of philosophy and theology) so obscure, and (to my own knowledge of my real meaning) so hopelessly misrepresentations of the book, that I soon gave it over," and he trusted to time to vindicate him. We venture to think that the great Oratorian would read Father D'Arcy's book all through with complete sympathy and appreciation, and find in it some measure, too, of vindication, although no less clearly than Father Harper, the later critic points out the unnecessary departures from Catholic tradition to be found in the "Grammar."

Readers may be astonished that, in only two of his ten chapters, the eighth and the last, does Father D'Arcy discuss the one belief which is of real moment, divine faith. The fact is, as hinted above, that in the modern world the natural foundation of belief,—the native capacity of the intellect to reach truth of any kind—has been so widely disputed and discarded that modern apologists have to build it up again before they can get a fair hearing for the claims of Christianity. The patient has to be restored to mental health before he can be asked to use his mind aright. An introductory chapter describes the chaos of naturalistic philosophies which have followed the abandonment of Christian Faith, showing a wide acquaintance with the writings of their modern exponents. Outside Catholicism there is now no reaction, in a civilization built up by Christianity, to attacks on fundamental Christian beliefs. Even non-Catholic Christians fall back on emotion and experience to justify their beliefs. Accordingly the writer's first task is to explain the process by which the mind can assimilate knowledge, and to distinguish between the right and wrong use of desire in the act of cognition. Especially valuable in the light of Freudism is his appreciation of theories of unconscious and subconscious operations. After thus clearing the ground, he can deal more profoundly with the nature of assent and, finding in Newman's Essay—"a masterpiece which no one can safely neglect"—a discussion of the matter unrivalled in its thoroughness, Father D'Arcy devotes several chapters to an analysis and criticism of the "Grammar of Assent." This will be welcomed by all admirers of Newman who, fascinated by the originality and subtlety of that great philosophical treatise, have yet wondered whether or how it could be fitted into the Catholic tradition. Newman's distrust of metaphysics, his scorn for abstract reasoning, his insistence on the concurrence of non-rational elements in the formation of judgments, seemed to make faith a matter of temperament and thus far to lessen the responsibility of those who should but do not believe. Father D'Arcy with remarkable skill shows how Newman, handicapped by his comparative ignorance of scholastic philosophy, was thus betrayed into inaccurate terminology, but how on the other hand his

analyses can be satisfactorily interpreted. Even the famous "illative sense," a faculty which was supposed to supplement reason and create a certainty beyond the powers of mere argument, the critic manages to bring within the compass of intellect as a form of induction which he calls "interpretation." We cannot illustrate fully the wide application of this happy phrase, but it extends, not only to one's personal observation but also to the testimony of others, and thus can enter into the foundation of belief.

In the seventh chapter Father D'Arcy analyses the substitute for reason as a basis of Faith which many moderns discover in religious experience—a theory which would make Faith almost wholly subjective and, therefore, not universally certain or true. He fully recognizes the part played by experience in all acquisition of knowledge—the pattern which the mind has woven in the past and into which new impressions must be woven—and the likelihood of error and distortion, which only the sincerest love for truth can counteract. He makes also the fullest allowance for the imperfections of the knowledge so attained, conditioned and limited in so many ways. It is only in his final chapter that he explains how in divine Faith man's insufficiency is supplemented by God's power. In many respects this is the finest section of the whole book—clear, profound, penetrating—for its theme is in itself the most obscure: the interplay of grace and nature, the influence of conduct on understanding, the need of good-will to attain truth. We have resisted temptations to quote, though the book abounds in striking and eloquent summaries; nowhere have we found the mental unrest of the times more acutely and sympathetically diagnosed, and the way to peace more persuasively marked out. The "Modern Mind" itself must own that it has met a masterly interpreter: our prayer is that, having seen itself in the mirror Father D'Arcy holds up, it may learn humility, sincerity and hope. And Catholics, untouched by the malady of the time, may still learn from these valuable pages both how to compassionate the faithless and how to come to their aid with the most effective remedies.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### BIBLICAL.

THE number of textual recensions of the New Testament in recent years has necessitated a new edition of the *Lexicon Græcum Novi Testamenti*, which is part of the famous "Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ" edited by the German Jesuits, and familiar to all Catholic students. Father Francis Zorell, the compiler, mentions amongst others the Tischendorf and Westcott-Host text, and those issued by Catholic scholars like von Soden and Hetzenaur. The *Lexicon* is very complete and illustrates the use and meaning of words, not only from profane authors, contemporary papyri, etc., but also from the Hebrew in which



language Father Zorell, who lately issued a new Latin translation of the Psalms, is an expert. Thoroughly revised as it is the Lexicon will prove invaluable to the Biblical student.

## DEVOTIONAL.

We had but lately to speak of a volume by the late Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O.S.B., of Fort Augustus Abbey, on Father Baker's doctrine concerning Interior Mortification. Another little book, drawn from the same source by the same author **Acts and Affections for Mental Prayer** adapted from "**Sancta Sophia**" (Sands: 2s. 6d.), gives us in a short space another aspect of Father Baker's teaching. The Introduction to this book, compiled by Father Weld-Blundell himself, is particularly useful. It presents, in well-defined outlines, the teaching of a great master concerning interior prayer. The rest of the volume consists for the most part of short ejaculations and sentences put together in a series of Exercises, and covering various phases, if they may be so called, of meditation and contemplation. The Exercises have been compiled frankly, not for those who may be called beginners in prayer, but rather for those whose prayer is one of affection and even of pure vision. Students of Alvarez de Paz will recognize a great similarity between the method here developed from Father Baker, and the later suggested meditations of the great Jesuit master of prayer.

By the successive issue of her Books of Meditation, Mother St. Paul of the House of Retreats, Birmingham, is gradually covering the whole period of the Life of Christ on earth, following the ecclesiastical seasons. The **Vita Christi** (Longmans: 5s. n.), now under review, is the second volume devoted to the time between Pentecost and Advent and deals with the Public Life of Our Lord. It is more of the nature of a devotional commentary on His words and actions than a series of set meditations, and represents the alternative method set forth in the Spiritual Exercises and loosely called that of Contemplation. Thus the book may be taken for spiritual reading as well as for mental prayer, and it will be found always serviceable, for Mother St. Paul writes with understanding and draws out with much skill the supernatural help and guidance which underlie the details of the Gospel narrative.

With the object of spreading the salutary practice of retreat-making Father de Zulueta, S.J., has drawn up, out of his long experience, **A Guide for Retreat** (B.O. and W.: 1s. 6d.), which describes what is meant by the exercise and how best to profit by it. It should encourage those who have not yet had that experience and teach others how to make it more fruitful, for the author is nothing if not practical.

The idea of vicarious sacrifice, reparation offered to outraged majesty and justice by an innocent and willing victim is of the very essence of Christianity. For this reason has Christ arranged that the sacrifice of Calvary should be perpetuated in His Church to the end of time. For this reason have "they who are Christ's" always aimed at making up "what is wanting in His sufferings" by their own loving self-immolation. Every generous heart feels the impulse to proffer homage and service wherever it is rightly due and wrongfully withheld, and when this impulse is obeyed by the loyal Christian it is called reparation. Père R. Plus, S.J., who has already touched on the subject in a previous

book, deals with it in more detail in **Reparation** (B.O. and W.: 4s. 6d.), showing the history of the practice in the Church, the theology which explains and underlies it, and the methods by which it can be exercised. It is, of course, intimately connected with the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which from the beginning received that special orientation in the revelations to St. Margaret Mary. Père Plus publishes at the end the magnificent Encyclical "Misericordissimus Redemptor," wherein the present Holy Father formulated and approved and commended to the faithful, the practice of universal reparation to the Sacred Heart.

#### HISTORICAL.

It is not without interest that the writer of the history of the Cistercian nuns should have to confess that he is not sure who was their founder or foundress. Father Ailbe J. Luddy, O.Cist., in his brochure, **The Cistercian Nuns** (Gill and Son: 2s. 6d.), inclines to St. Stephen Harding and that in spite of the fact that he, author of the monumental life of St. Bernard, must have known what other claimants there are for that honour. In this little volume he traces the history of the Order to the times of its greatest expansion, though he will not allow that expansion to have been very great; and then through the days of its persecution, until, at last it virtually perished. We are told the story of its wanderings from country to country, and the almost romantic instances of its salvation, but at the end it seemed to vanish, though it was destined to rise again in our modern times. The book is dedicated to the first foundation of Cistercian nuns in Ireland. It is quaintly illustrated, chiefly from some old prints, and altogether is an attractive little volume.

Father Ch. G. Kanters has made already for himself a reputation as an historian of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. His former volumes have taken us back a considerable distance in the centuries. He has now in *Le Cœur De Jésus dans la Littérature Chrétienne des Douze Premiers Siècles* (Beyært, Bruges), gone to the very beginning of Christian times, and, by means of quotations from the Fathers and the early Christian writers, traced the Devotion through the remotest period to the age of St. Thomas. The volume before us does not merely give passages from the ancient writers, but also the author's own comments illustrating the use of the word "Heart," and watching its development, until the nearer the writers come to the thirteenth century, the more the word is found to imply what we now generally mean by it. It is a work of much erudition and has been carefully put together.

The history of the Church is equivalently the history of the world during the Christian Era, for her action and influence have been the chief inspiration in the development of civilization. Accordingly in presenting the whole of Church History in the compass of a single volume, even though running to 638 pages, the Rev. John Laux, M.A., cannot have expected complete success. What he *has* accomplished in his **Church History** (Benziger Bros.: \$2.25), is to compile a very stimulating school-manual, in which the vast mass of material is carefully arranged for ready assimilation, illustrated by picture and map and extracts from sources, with summaries, synopses, bibliographies and all the resources which sound pedagogy can suggest. It should form an admirable class-book.

The scholarly publications of the Roman Institute of Oriental Studies have kept us well informed about the fortunes of Russian Orthodoxy under the tyranny of the Soviets, just as Catholics have found in the five volumes of Father Pierling's exhaustive studies—*La Russie et la Saint Siège*—all they need to know about the origin and growth of the Russian Schism. However, it is convenient to have a succinct account of this great and unhappy Community, such as is provided by **The Russian Church** (B.O. and W.: 6s.), a translation of "L'Eglise Russe" made by Mr. Warre B. Wells from the original of M. Nicholas Brian-Chaninov. Dealing as it does with times, places and personalities very remote from our Western mentalities, the narrative would have gained much in clearness if it had been illustrated by maps, genealogies, lists of dioceses, etc. The total impression is that no Christian body can flourish which ignores the principle of unity, which does not transcend racial or political limits, which allows itself to become subordinate to the civil power. The last historical chapter describing the ruin of the Tzarist Church is useful as a record but does not accurately depict its present constantly changing state.

The rejection of a Living Authority, which can say with certainty what are the contents and meaning of Christ's Revelation, forces the non-Catholic Christian back to dead documents—the Scriptures, the early Fathers, the Councils—for his Rule of Faith; with the result, as we see it to-day, that men believe, outside the Church, literally what they choose. Those Anglicans who accept the Papacy, up to a certain date, but think that its later development was contrary to God's will and intention, are as much heretics as the lowest Dissenter. So much the late Dr. Fortescue made plain in his excellent brochure, **The Early Papacy to the Council of Chalcedon, 451**, which has recently been re-issued (B.O. and W.: 1s. 6d.). If the Church up to 451 taught authoritatively, she surely still does so, in virtue of God's promise; therefore the Catholic has no need to try to base his faith on the shifting foundations of historical research and the judgment of experts. However, to meet the challenge of those who say that up to Chalcedon the Papacy was as Christ meant it to be, "constitutional," and afterwards degenerated into an absolutism, the author goes through the witness of antiquity and finds there, explicitly or as a matter of direct inference, all the essential characteristics of the papal rule to-day. The book is a model of clear and cogent exposition.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

The career of the Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, unique in its strange vicissitudes amongst such lives, is already familiar to English readers through the admirable biography published in the year, 1922. Now **Cornelia Connelly, Fondatrice de la Société du Holy Child Jesus: 1809—1879** (Librairie Plon), seemingly a new Life written, like the other, by one of her daughters will spread her fame and influence over a wider public and hasten the day when the Church will formally set its seal on her virtues. The fact that this American woman, happily married to an Episcopal minister in that country, followed him into the true Church and then, in Rome, was persuaded by him to enter religion in order that he might be free to become a priest, was sufficiently out of the common, but the sequel was more extra-

ordinary still. Mother Connelly was commissioned by the Pope and aided by Cardinal Wiseman to found a teaching-order in order to further the growth of Catholicity in England, but hardly was her work well in train that her husband, after trying to regain control over her life, abandoned his faith and his priesthood, and tried, by means of the English courts to make her abandon her consecrated life and resume her position as his wife. The attempt failed, but not without causing enormous scandal in the England of "Papal Aggression" days, and lasting pain to the saintly Foundress: we think that in the whole of hagiography there is no parallel to this particular trial. The story is told with a proper sense of the spiritual issues involved and a sympathetic insight into the character of its subject. The expansion and growing success of her great Foundation is a proof of its God-designed and salutary sowing in tears.

#### DOCTRINAL.

Only in the Catholic Church is the whole spiritual nature of man adequately trained—the mind by knowledge of definite revealed truth, the will by a fixed and certain standard of good. The two processes are not distinct, for intellectual conviction is the only sure basis of moral conduct. Yet the latter, the application of principles, is the more difficult of the two. For this reason we welcome *Teaching the Ten Commandments* (Bruce Publishing Co.), by two School Sisters of Notre Dame, Sisters M. Agnesine and M. Catherine, because it illustrates the bearing of the Divine Law not only by story and poem and Bible-reference but also by many tiny yet practical "cases of conscience" which are proposed for the children's solution. A most helpful little book for the Catechist.

#### HAGIOGRAPHY.

The great enterprise of re-editing and bringing up to date Butler's famous work seems to be getting into its stride, for the third (March) volume of *The Lives of the Saints*, by Alban Butler, "corrected, amplified and edited" by Herbert Thurston, S.J., and Norah Leeson has followed fairly closely on the second. In the original, we are told, this is the smallest of the twelve, since in the Roman calendar nearly half the days of the month are *Ferias*, yet it abounds in great names, like Joseph, Benedict, David and Patrick; moreover, the number of additions is very large, since out of 244 entries, no less than 156 are either unknown to Butler or have been entirely recast. The labour of re-writing and of compiling new lives lies mainly to the credit of Miss Leeson, Father Thurston's share being confined to finding material, revising and supplying sources. There are those who regret the old Butler, but such regret is merely sentimental: on his foundation is arising a work not only of more completeness but also of greater historical accuracy, which will revive and perpetuate his fame and influence, and illustrate, with hitherto unparalleled completeness in English, the Note of Holiness in the Church.

#### POETRY.

Untouched by modern fashions, whether in theme or technique, Mr. Wilfred Rowland Childe deals with the old beliefs in the old metrical forms and phrases, in the collection of poems, which he calls *The Golden Thurbile* (Cecil Palmer: 5s. n.), from the title of one of their

number. A delicate fancy and a keen eye for analogies joined with a keen colour-sense give freshness to the familiar subjects, whether classical or Christian. But very often a suggestion of inspiration "run out" is conveyed by a poem's ending in a row of dots, and by an arrangement of unrhymed lines in quatrains.

A prize-poem at Cambridge—the "Seatonian"—holds the title-rôle in the collection *St. Patrick and other Poems* (Heffer: 2s. 6d. n.), by E. K. Ellis, and tells dramatically and picturesquely the romantic story of Ireland's Apostle. Some of the others are hardly worthy to rank with this fine effort, being mildly humorous or academic. "A Pageant of Spring Flowers," however, neatly and fancifully classifies the characteristic features of the year's earliest blooms.

A fruitful fancy picturesquely embodied forms the bulk of Father Michael Earl's *In the Abbey of the Woods* (Holy Cross College), the theme of which is expressed in the "Prelude"—

The woods raise high a temple's amplitude  
Adown whose aisles the organ breeze  
Sings with the birds' antiphonies  
A symbol service for the Crib and Rood.

In a great variety of metres, thoughts about birds and trees are expressed and assigned to the different ecclesiastical seasons, with quaint Latin rubrical suggestions on each page. The whole is very daintily printed.

The same poet's imagination has been stirred by the thought of next year's Eucharistic Congress in Ireland and the result is a ballad called *The Hosting of the King*, which in each stanza cleverly recalls historic episodes and the songs which they inspired.

#### NON-CATHOLIC.

There is much that is true and inspiring in the Rev. P. McCormick's published broadcast addresses which he calls *Christ's Message to Us To-day* (Longmans: 2s. n.). He preaches Christ crucified through love, and shows that the following of Christ means loving self-sacrifice. But he is too apt to discard the framework of Christianity, those fundamental dogmas which give both grounds and motive for Christian altruism. He seems to stress the Second Commandment of the Law to the ignoring of the First. A natural inference from his words would be that the life of contemplation and worship is a selfish waste of time, and that the search for fuller understanding of revelation, which is the science of theology, is beside the point. There is too much of "Christianity is a life not a Creed," "God is a Father not a Judge," "Religion is meant to show God to men, not to make us good or get us into heaven,"—those baseless dichotomies wherewith Protestantism shatters the rounded whole of Revelation. It is the best, no doubt, a member of a comprehensive non-teaching Church can do, but it is not enough.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Father Stephen Brown, S.J., has expended an extraordinary amount of editorial care in presenting to the public his translation of a French classic, Père Gratry's *Les Sources*, first printed in 1862. He has furnished a lucid account of the holy Oratorian and his works, shown the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries and which

he still enjoys amongst competent critics, annotated the treatise which he calls **The Well-Springs** (B.O. and W.: 5s.), and listed a large bibliography of works on a similar theme by widely-dissimilar authors. Père Gratry's theme is the moral and intellectual discipline necessary to develop a perfect Christian character, one who has learnt the true values of art and science and religion, and can express his knowledge with effect. Undoubtedly in this work Gratry has transcribed his own practice and experience and, although the contemporary authors whom he quotes might be replaced by others as good but more modern, still his estimates of the great Christian philosophers and theologians hold good to-day. Our over-hasty age which is so lacking in great writers would do well to study and apply Gratry's methods. At any rate, they can be recommended to Catholic University students, whose faith gives them such incomparable advantages in the acquisition of true culture.

It is truly said in the booklet under review—**A. Challenge to Neurasthenia** (Williams and Norgate: 1s. 6d. n.), by Miss D. M. Armitage, the second enlarged edition of which has just been issued, that "a disease of the imagination is not an imaginary disease." As long as illusions are taken as real symptoms they have all the effects of reality. The treatise is devoted to explaining the method of treating neurasthenics successfully employed for many years by the late Dr. L. S. Barnes of Whitwell, Herts, and the writer, herself one of those so rescued, emphatically testifies to its efficacy. The fact that the common-sense procedure adopted by Dr. Barnes is still efficacious through the medium of this little book, is evidence of its soundness.

Messrs. Sheed and Ward have published many first-rate books of serious import—in theology, philosophy, apologetics, biography—but in **By the Way** (7s. 6d.), by "Beachcomber" they have enriched their catalogue with something hitherto absent from it, a book of pure humour, very excellent in its kind. The arrangement of the volume corresponds with its genesis: it consists of selections from the "funny column" contributed by the author to a daily paper, and provides for each day of the year some piece of mordant wit, some happy parody, some ecstasy of mere nonsense, some pungent personality, some dextrous bubble-pricking, some solemn mockery, that brings a fresh breeze of mental health into our stuffy atmosphere of make-believe, literary, social and political. We hope there will follow another volume of "beach-combings" equally well illustrated by the same inspired draughtsman, Mr. Nicolas Bentley.

The volume of war-sketches, many of which appeared originally in our pages and which their author, Father R. H. J. Steuart, S.J., ex-Chaplain of the Highland Light Infantry, has called, **March, Kind Comrade** (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. n.)—a phrase from Gerard Hopkins's "Bugler's First Communion,"—is in marked contrast with the bulk of the war-books hitherto published. It represents the reactions caused by three years or so experience, mainly of the front line, in the mind of a philosopher who has a cultured literary style and a keen sense of humour. Enough is painted of the unimaginable horrors of modern warfare to make us realize what their endurance must have involved, and the chaplain is loud in praise of the heroic patience of the rank and file. Perhaps the most poignant of the sketches, and one which

gives most insight into the narrator's real work, is that which describes his ministering to a deserter, sentenced "to be shot at dawn." But whether they regard the surface or the heart of things, these emotions recollected and written down in tranquillity give an unforgettable picture of that most perplexing of human activities, armed conflict.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Several little volumes of Canon Duplessy's extended *Cours Supérieur de Religion* (La Bonne Presse: 1.00 fr. each), viz., Nos. 32—34 have reached us, dealing with our moral duties towards our neighbour—Respect for Property, Respect for Life, Social Obligations. The applications of the law are both detailed and clear, and should be very useful for Catechists.

*Carnet d'une Maman* (La Bonne Presse: 1.50 fr.), by "Maryl," plentifully illustrated, tells French mothers how to deal with children of different dispositions on the various occasions of their daily lives. Or is it meant to tell French children how their mothers expect them to behave? Paul Castel narrates the history of *Saint Augustin* (La Bonne Presse: 3.00 fr.) very adequately in a closely-printed booklet of 176 pages. Of two French plays published at 2.50 fr. by M. Téqui, Paris, the first—*L'Homme qui porte la Terre et le Ciel*—by A. Blanc-Péridier is a Mystery, and the other *Philidor Savoureux*, by the same, a Comedy for children.

With the object of showing that Pius X., promulgating his ordinance about early Communion, spoke the truth when he said—"Il y aura des saints parmi les enfants," a series of biographies of holy children, called "Parvuli" is being published by M. Lethielleux. The first *Le "Deo Gratias" d'un "Tout-petit": Auguste Magne* (5.00 fr.), by Y. D'Isné narrates the short history of a pious boy who welcomed death at the age of nine with gratitude to God. It is appropriately illustrated with photographs and line-drawings.

Other "Tout-Petits" are religiously catered for in a charmingly-illustrated booklet called *For the Smallest Person* (B.O. & W.: 1s. 3d.), for which Miss Cecily Hallack provides the prayers and Miss Ida Bohatta-Morpurgo the coloured pictures. It will be sold in thousands at Christmas but people needn't wait till then.

The story of an Eskimo who was also a Jesuit—the first of that race to join the Order—Brother Joseph Prince, is told in *Out of the Northland* (Mission Press: 10 c.), by A. D. Spearman, S.J. Brother Joseph was admitted to his vows on his death-bed but he had been in the service of the Alaskan Mission for several years before, and much is said of the heroic life of the Missionaries in these frozen solitudes.

Several new and useful C.T.S. publications have to be mentioned briefly—Father Eustace Dudley's *The Leakage: Cause and Remedy*: a thoughtful treatment of our perennial problem; Father James Bevan's *Why must I have any Religion at all?*—a fundamental question very clearly and sympathetically treated; *The Retreat Movement*, by Mrs. George Norman, a history and an exhortation; the Pope's latest Encyclical, *Concerning "Catholic Action,"* which defines its subject so admirably and vindicates the rights of the Church in her proper sphere; *Re-union with the East*, by Père C. Bourgeois, S.J., an important summary of methods, achievements and prospects; and *Crusading Europe*, by Mother Keppel, Part 3 of the "Story of the Church."



## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

**BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE,**  
London.

*The Eucharist.* By Raoul Plus, S.J. Pp. xii. 94. Price, 3s. 6d.  
*Questioning the Devil's Advocate.* By Ian R. Grant. Pp. 32. Price, 6d.  
*For the Smallest Person.* By Cecily Hallack. Illustrated by Ida Bohatta-Morpurgo. Pp. 31. Price, 1s. 3d.  
*Twenty-four Vagabond Tales.* By John Gibbons. Pp. viii. 197. Price, 5s.  
*Mère Marie of the Ursulines.* By Agnes Replier. Pp. 314. Price, 7s. 6d.

**DENT & SONS, London.**

*Pascal's Pensées* (Everyman's Library). Translated by W. F. Trotter. Pp. xix. 297. Price, 2s. n.  
*A Simple Method of Raising the Soul to Contemplation.* By Francois Malaval. Translated by Lucy Menzies. Pp. xxiv. 254. Price, 7s. 6d. n.  
*The Franciscan Adventure.* By Vida Dutton Scudder. Pp. xvi. 432. Price, 15s. n.

**DESCLEE DE BROUWER, Paris.**

*Le Pontifical Romain.* Vol. II. By Dom Pierre de Puniet. Pp. 352.  
*L'Epanouissement Social du Credo.* By Georges Goyau. Pp. viii. 392.

**EDITIONS DILLEN, Paris.**

*Missionnaires de Vingt Ans.* Pp. 237. Price, 10.00 fr.

**FR. PUSTET, New York.**

*Rivals on the Ridge.* By Ferdinand Hoorman. Pp. 287. Price, 8s.

**GILL & SON, Dublin.**

*The Epistles of the Sundays and Festivals.* By Cornelius Ryan, D.D. 2 vols. Pp. cix. 327, 474. Price, 42s. n.

**HERDER, Freiburg im Breisgau.**

*Haut-Katalog, 1913-1922.*

**KEGAN PAUL & Co., London.**

*History of the Middle Ages: 300-1500.* By J. W. Thompson. Pp. xii. 466. Price, 21s. n.  
*The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages.* By Rev. Mgr. H. K. Mann, D.D. Vol. XVII. 1288-1294. Pp. vi. 346. Price, 15s. n.

**KENEDY & SONS, New York.**

*Persuasive Speech.* By Francis P. Donnelly. Pp. viii. 258. Price, \$2.25.

**LONGMANS, London.**

*Every Man's Bible.* By W. R. Inge. Pp. lv. 408. Price, 7s. 6d. n.  
*Saint Patrick, His Life and Mission.* By Mrs. Concannon. Pp. xxx. 260. Price, 6s. n.

**MACMILLAN & Co., London.**

*English History.* Part I. By James H. Gense, S.J. Pp. viii. 295. Price, 2s. 6d.

**MARIÉ & MARIETTI, Turin.**

*De Sacramentis.* Vol. II. By P. A. M. Schembri, O.S.A. Pp. 341. Price, 14.00 l.  
*Introductio in Theologiam Spiritualem, Asceticam et Mysticam.* By J. Heerinckx, F.O.M. Pp. xvi. 355. Price, 15.00 l.  
*Familia Veteris Foederis.* By P. T. V. Gerster a Zeil, O.M.Cap. Pp. 263. Price, 8.00 l.  
*Manuale de Ecclesiarum Rectoribus.* By P. M. Agius, O.E.S.A. Pp. 118. Price, 5.00 l.  
*De Dimissione Religiosorum.* By P. J. Palombo, C.S.S.R. Pp. xvi. 296. Price, 12.00 l.

**SANDS & Co., London.**

*Foundations of Thomistic Philosophy.* By A. D. Sertillanges, O.P. Pp. 255. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

**SHREED & WARD, London.**

*The Secret of the Curé d'Ars.* Cheap Ed. By Henri Ghéon. Pp. 217. Price, 3s. 6d. n.  
*Caliban in Grab Street.* Cheap Ed. By Ronald Knox. Pp. xii. 222. Price, 3s. 6d. n.  
*The Thing.* Cheap Ed. By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. 255. Price, 3s. 6d. n.  
*Spiritual Exercises and Devotions of Blessed John Southwell, S.J.* Edited By J. M. de Buck, S.J. Pp. vi. 216. Price, 5s. n.  
*The Passion of SS. Perpetua and Felicity.* Translated by W. H. Shewring. Pp. xxx. 59. Price, 3s. 6d. n.  
*Judgement on Birth Control.* By R. de Gouchteneere. Pp. 223. Price, 6s.

**TEQUI, Paris.**

*Manuel d'Etudes Bibliques.* By Abbés Lusseau et Collomb. Tome V., 2 partie. Pp. 865. Price, 30.00 fr.

**WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London.**

*A Challenge to Neurasthenia.* By D. M. Armitage. Sec. Edit. Pp. 64. Price, 1s. 6d. n.

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